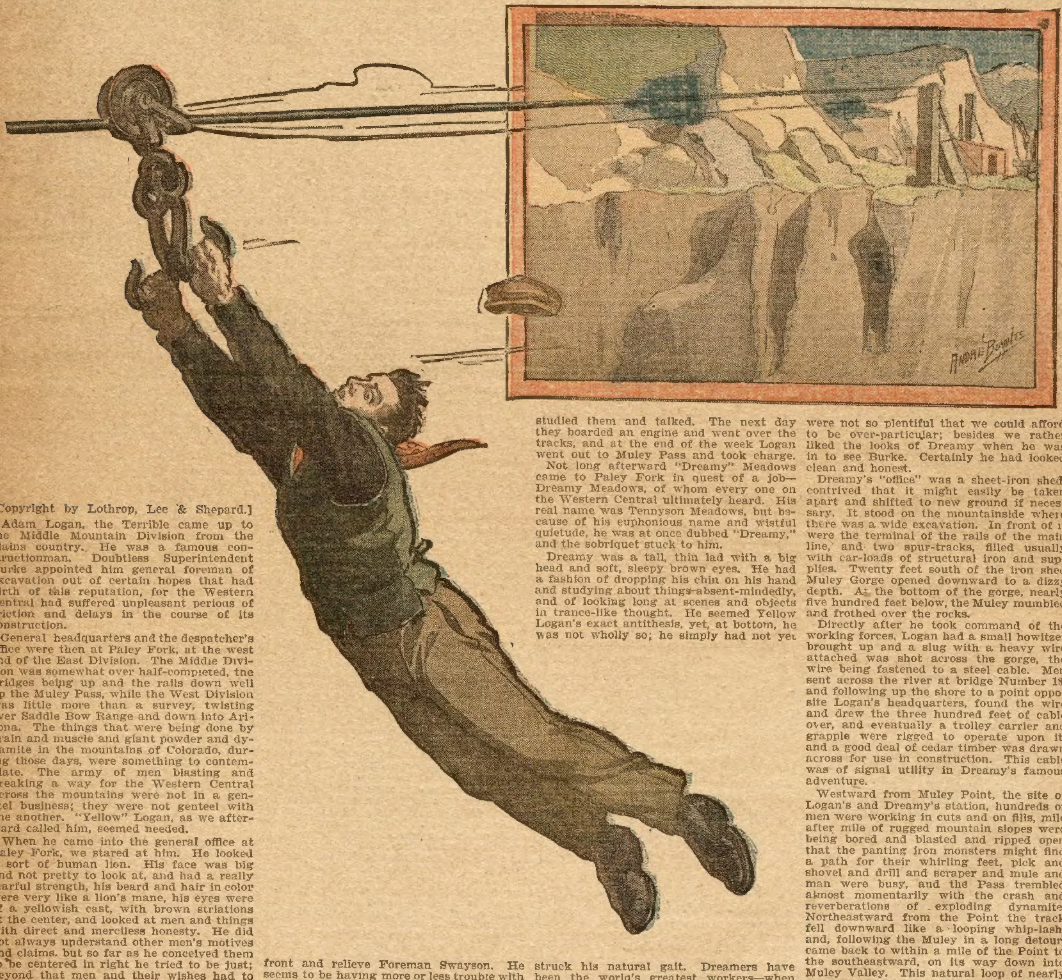
"THE MYSTERIOUS GOVERNESS," A MOST CAPTIVATING STORY, NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

OL. XXXV. NO. 18. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1907. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

THE CAR OF DYNAMITE;

Or, HOW DREAMY MEADOWS WON. By Alvah Milton Kerr.



[Copyright by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.]

Adam Logan, the Terrible came up to the Middle Mountain Division from the plains country. He was a famous constructionman. Doubtless Superintendent Burke appointed him general foreman of excavation out of certain hopes that had birth of this reputation, for the Western Central had suffered unpleasant periods of friction and delays in the course of its construction.

General headquarters and the despatcher's office were then at Paley Fork, at the west end of the East Division. The Middle Division was somewhat over half-completed, the bridges being up and the rails down well up the Muley Pass, while the West Division was little more than a survey, twisting over Saddle Bow Range and down into Arizona. The things that were being done by brain and muscle and giant powder and dynamite in the mountains of Colorado, during those days, were something to contemplate. The army of men blasting and breaking a way for the Western Central across the mountains were not in a genteel business; they were not genteel with one another. "Yellow" Logan, as we afterward called him, seemed needed.

When he came into the general office at Paley Fork, we stared at him. He looked a sort of human lion. His face was big and not pretty to look at, and had a really fearful strength, his beard and hair in color were very like a lion's mane, his eyes were of a yellowish cast, with brown striations at the center, and looked at men and things with direct and merciless honesty. He did not always understand other men's motives and claims. but so far as he conceived them to be centered in right he tried to be just; beyond that men and their wishes had to yield or break.

Superintendent Burke started to "look him over" when the man from the plains sat in front of him in the general office, but I noted that Burke's eyes fell and that Logan looked the superintendent over instead. He had letters from the Kansas Pacific, and when Burke had read them the two men looked at each other.

"According to these letters you seem to be about the sort of man I'm hunting for," said Burke. "How long have you been on construction work?"

"Fifteen years."

"Where?"

"On the Fort Scott & Gulf, on the Santa Fe, and lately on the K. P."

"Well. I'd like to have you go out to the front and relieve Foreman Swayson. He seems to be having more or less trouble with the Italians and Poles that are on excavation. I presume he isn't quite firm enough. What is your method? What is your experience?"

"If the men are fairly paid and have decent camps, then they ought to be made to work or get out, one or the other. Be sure you're right, then be iron, stick like death when it's surely got a man, that's my style. A whole round-up of men hardly ever get restless of themselves; some lazy feller among 'em gets to kicking and horning and the herd breaks. My doctrine is to find that feller and cut him out of the bunch before there's a stampede."

The superintendent smiled. "I like your doctrine," he said. "We will take a look at the line." He got out the profiles, and they studied them and talked. The next day they boarded an engine and went over the tracks, and at the end of the week Logan went out to Muley Pass and took charge.

Not long afterward "Dreamy" Meadows came to Paley Fork in quest of a job—Dreamy Meadows, of whom every one on the Western Central ultimately heard. His real name was Tennyson Meadows, but because of his euphonious name and wistful quietude, he was at once dubbed "Dreamy," and the sobriquet stuck to him.

Dreamy was a tall, thin lad with a big head and soft, sleepy brown eyes. He had a fashion of dropping his chin on his hand and studying about things-absent-mindedly, and of looking long at scenes and objects in trance-like thought. He seemed Yellow Logan's exact antithesis, yet, at bottom, he was not wholly so; he simply had not yet struck his natural gait. Dreamers have been the world's greatest workers—when events awakened them; every man who has influenced human destiny at one time or another saw visions.

Dreamy was sent out to take charge of a movable telegraph station on Muley Pass. All along the Muley and up over the Pass, construction work was in progress. Logan's headquarters and Dreamy's station were at the same point, above Muley Gorge, halfway up the Pass. It was there that Dreamy did the deed and—awoke.

From the first, Logan did not approve of the new operator; he had no patience for slow, reflective people, and Dreamy was surely slow. We despatchers found him slow on the wire, slow even in handling a thing so swift as electricity. However, operators who cared to go out on such work were not so plentiful that we could afford to be over-particular; besides we rather liked the looks of Dreamy when he was in to see Burke. Certainly he had looked clean and honest.

Dreamy's "office" was a sheet-iron shed, contrived that it might easily be taken apart and shifted to new ground if necessary. It stood on the mountainside where there was a wide excavation. In front of it were the terminal of the rails of the main line, and two spur-tracks, filled usually with car-loads of structural iron and supplies. Twenty feet south of the iron shed Muley Gorge opened downward to a dizzy depth. At the bottom of the gorge, nearly five hundred feet below, the Muley mumbled and frothed over the rocks.

Directly after he took command of the working forces, Logan had a small howitzer brought up and a slug with a heavy wire attached was shot across the gorge, the wire being fastened to a steel cable. Men sent across the river at bridge Number 18, and following up the shore to a point opposite Logan's headquarters, found the wire and drew the three hundred feet of cable over, and eventually a trolley carrier and grapple were rigged to operate upon it, and a good deal of cedar timber was drawn across for use in construction. This cable was of signal utility in Dreamy's famous adventure.

Westward from Muley Point, the site of Logan's and Dreamy's station, hundreds of men were working in cuts and on fills, mile after mile of rugged mountain slopes were being bored and blasted and ripped open that the panting iron monsters might find a path for their whirling feet, pick and shovel and drill and scraper and mule and man were busy, and the Pass trembled almost momentarily with the crash and reverberations of exploding dynamite. Northeastward from the Point the track fell downward like a looping whip-lash, and, following the Muley in a long detour, came back to within a mile of the Point to the southeastward, on its way down into Muley Valley. This natural loop of nearly ten miles was the main means of lifting trains on to the slopes of the Pass; it also helped to save "Yellow" Logan and one hundred and forty men from annihilation.

Looking directly southeast from Dreamy's iron shed, the eye crossed the Muley and encountered a pine-covered ridge; on the other side of the ridge a mile distant was bridge Number 18, where the Western Central track crossed the Muley from the south side to the north and took the ten-mile loop to gain the heights at Muley Point. Near the south end of bridge Number 18 was a "Y" switch. That was the topographical situation; the human situation was still more interesting.

Dreamy had not much to do—messages about supplies and an occasional train order. He commonly, therefore, had some sort of book in his fist on which he pored, or sat mistily gazing at the beauty of the mountain. As for the new general foreman, he seemed everywhere; his keen yellow eyes appeared to dwell hotly on every man and object. Work went at high pressure after his arrival, and there was secret sniffing and grunting, but all along the line two things were acknowledged. Logan was unsparing of his own strength, and the food and bedding and general comforts of the camps were improved.

Then came the 10th of August. At twelve o'clock that day the noon silence fell upon the mountains and remained; the brawn of the big hills had struck. Logan had come to the work in May; Dreamy arrived a week later. For a month now the general foreman had been aware that a sour ferment was at work, for a month he had also been looking for the one blamable man, but could not locate him. The old trouble, temporarily mended by Swayson and Burke, had broken out afresh. They had rectified several things complained of by the men and had found means of getting rid of the agitators. But on the 10th of August the work stopped again. Logan took the written demands of the men down to Burke, but the demands were pronounced unreasonable and were flatly refused. Logan returned, both instructed and determined to fight the matter out.

Through several days there was dead quiet on Muley Pass, then the storm broke. Logan brought in fresh men and attempted to set them to work, but the strikers, partly by force and partly by persuasion, influenced the men to withdraw. Then Burke and the general foreman recruited a body of some two hundred workmen of American birth, and strengthening them with a sheriff and fifty armed deputies, started for the Pass. That was on the night of the 22d of August.

Now, from almost the first Dreamy Meadows had known which man was the chief "ferment," in which head had throbbed the brain that led in vibrating the discord. The man was an Italian, a pale young fellow, who spoke English and three other languages, and who came to visit Dreamy of evenings and borrow books.

Had the young Italian made speeches and conducted an open campaign, Logan would have quickly deposed him, and so probably would have made an end of the trouble; but Braconi, who seemed a master of logic of a certain sort and an angel of persuasion, worked secretly from man to man, teaching and organizing at night. Dreamy, being aware of this, acknowledged to himself that he ought to tell Logan, but the lad had a thorn in his side, and Logan had put it there. Openly and with brutal candor, the general foreman had pronounced Dreamy the laziest man on the mountain, and, though Dreamy had laughed at the stricture, in his heart he was sore.

"Let him take care of his trouble; it's not my affair," said Dreamy to himself; and so, because Logan had been inconsiderate, Dreamy was foolish and the tempest fell.

After the strike had been inaugurated, Dreamy told Logan what he knew of Braconi. To do so tickled an unworthy prompting in the youth. Logan's anger was something to see. He at once wrote a telegram to Burke saying that the Muley Point operator had been disloyal and to send another operator immediately. Dreamy sent the message without change of countenance and with an alacrity quite unusual. But Burke did not send another telegraph operator to Muley Point, for the very good reason that no operator could be persuaded to go up into that human hornet's nest. It presently got over-warm for Dreamy.

Logan, following Dreamy's revengeful hint, unearthed several things. He promptly had Braconi and two other men arrested and "taken below," as going down to Paley Fork was called. The resistance at the Pass augmented rather than decreased, however. Dreamy himself fell foul of the strikers; they began to suspect him of sending reports "below" inimical to their interests. On August 21st, the day before Logan and Burke were going to attempt to land American workmen on the Pass, a group of strikers captured Dreamy and the Muley Point headquarters.

Matters were bitter. A piece of writing was placed before Dreamy on the telegraph table, a pistol was put to his head, and he was ordered to wire the writing down to us at general headquarters. Dreamy promptly acquiesced, but added, without pause, at the end of the message: "A pistol is at my temple and an extremely ugly gentleman is holding it, but most of this message is a lie. Tell Logan the Terrible to come ahead."

We liked Dreamy for that. For a week we had expected that he would desert his post and come down to Paley Fork if he had to come afoot. But he stuck to the hornet's-nest like a plaster.

When Dreamy volunteered that odd postscript to the message of the strikers, he had counted on there being no one present besides himself who could read Morse, but one of the "committee" could read the telegraph a little and Dreamy came near losing his life. However, he escaped up the mountainside and secreted himself. That night about midnight he came down the mountain and crept into the iron shed on his hands and knees and called. I was at the despatcher's table down in Paley Fork and answered him.

"Where have you been and what's the situation?" I asked.

"Been lying on my stomach up among the chaparral for the last ten hours," he said. "Situation is rocky. They got on to my Morse and I had to duck. Most of the men here at the Point are quiet; they'd be O. K. if let alone, but there's fifteen or twenty mighty bad ones here—regular reds—looks like dynamite."

I experienced a queer thrill of frost along my spine. "Where is that car-load of dynamite that was sent up there on almost the last train of supplies before the strike?" I asked.

"Here on the siding. I've had my eye on it lately; struck me they might take a notion to do some damage—blow up the bridge or something—to keep Yellow and his men away. But I guess it will be O. K.; don't think they will go so far as that."

"Are they drinking much?"

"Most of them are quiet, some are boozing like sailors. Where is Yellow and the old man?"

"Both are here; Logan got in tonight with a lot of men from Denver. He and the superintendent will take the men up to the Pass tomorrow night; get there about midnight or one o'clock; sheriff and fifty shooters. Can you stay on hand now?"

"Nixy; it's me back to the brush and solitude. I'm about starved and don't know when I'll eat. Oh, for a pie! Say, I'll wriggle down to this coop tomorrow night, if they don't get me, and call you up and give you the statu quo. I'm uneasy about the nitro. Say, there's a fellow among the reds here who understands Morse, I think. If any swift operator gets on the wire and begins to tell you fairy stories about things here, you'll know it's not me. Say, give my love to old yellow-eyes and tell him I'm not mad. I'll have to creep out of here on my solar plexus; I hear some reds out on the track."

Dreamy was certainly waking up. He was becoming a creature of action. I smiled when I thought of Logan's demand for his removal on the ground of disloyalty. On the morrow we tried many times to "raise" Muley Point on the wire, but the Point was silent. At 10:30 that night, Logan, with a train of twenty-seven flat cars loaded with men and drawn by two engines, pulled out for the Pass; an hour later Burke followed with another train-load of men.

Just before midnight, as I bent over the train-sheet in Paley Fork, a hurried, unsteady call came down from Muley Point, forty miles away. I had my ear cocked for Dreamy and hit the wire quick in response.

"Who is at the key?" I asked.

"Dreamy. Say, but I'm hungry!"

TIRED AND SICK
YET MUST WORK

MRS. AUG. LYON

"Man may work from sun to sun but woman's work is never done."

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo and often suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these women that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, comes as a blessing. When the spirits are depressed, the head and back aches, there are dragging-down pains, nervousness, sleeplessness, and reluctance to go anywhere, these are only symptoms which unless heeded, are soon followed by the worst forms of Female Complaints.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

keeps the feminine organism in a strong and healthy condition. It cures Inflammation, Ulceration, displacements, and organic troubles. In preparing for child-birth and to carry women safely through the Change of Life it is most efficient.

Mrs. Augustus Lyon, of East Earl, Pa., writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—"For a long time I suffered from female troubles and had all kinds of aches and pains in the lower part of back and sides, I could not sleep and had no appetite. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and following the advice which you gave me I feel like a new woman and I cannot praise your medicine too highly."

Mrs. Pinkham's Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Out of her vast volume of experience she probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.

"Yes? How are things?"

"Nawsty. Most of the men want peace; the boozers and soreheads tried this p. m. to marshal 'em to resist Yellow when he arrives. From my lair among the chaparral I looked down on some pretty fights. A hand-car of sympathizers arrived from below about an hour ago. I crept down and lay in a dark place and listened. Looks like some sort of trouble. I've kept my optics pasted to the car of nitro. I don't think they know the car has dynamite in it."

"Bridge 18 must be all right?"

"Yep; hand-car came across it."

"Well, keep me posted if you can. I think things will turn out all right."

But they did not; save for Dreamy they would have gone badly indeed. When he crawled out of the telegraph shed and crept away in the gloom, a turbulent group of men were replenishing a fire with ties some five hundred feet west of the office. Dreamy crept in close and looked and listened. Braconi and the two other men who had suffered arrest were there. Having been liberated on account of lack of incriminating evidence, they had stolen a hand-car down at Paley Fork and had come to the Pass. Being infuriated with Logan, they brought an exaggerated story of the injuries and indignities that were to be rained on the disaffected at Muley Point, and counseled extreme measures of resistance.

Most of the talk was Italian, and Dreamy could not understand it, but he made out from Braconi's speeches, which were partly in English, that the young leader favored running some of the cars from one of the sidings down on to the main track and chaining the wheels fast to the rails. He also advised building a barricade on each side of these cars in the cut, thus bringing Logan to a standstill, where they might possibly force him to compromise settlement before he got the new men and the "soldiers" into the works.

Dreamy crept back to the shed and reported this to me by wire. Just before he called me, Green Elbow, a telegraph station six miles east of bridge Number 18, reported Logan going west. There was no telegraph operator between Elbow and Muley Point. As Dreamy crawled out of the iron shed, after reporting to me, he jumped to his feet with a yell of terror. A switch had been opened and six cars were passing down the main track. A clear half-moon threw a silvery radiance on the mountains, and he saw that the two front cars, a box car carrying twelve thousand pounds of dynamite and a flat car loaded with structural iron, were uncoupled from the others and leaving them behind. A man was walking forward on top of the rear cars setting the brakes. He came to the front end of the fourth car almost at the moment Dreamy cried out, and he, too, yelled with consternation. Some men were walking down the track after the cars, and a wild effort was made to catch the two runaways. Dreamy leaped forward screaming: "There's dynamite in that front car! Catch them! Hold them, for God's sake, men!" but the runaways went down the steep grade into the gloom like frightened snakes.

Dreamy stopped running some two hundred feet east of the telegraph shed. Like a great and fearful sheet of flame, that which was likely to happen flashed across his soul. When that down-shooting car of nitro-glycerine hurled itself into Logan's train, when the steel beams on the second car drove through the dynamite car in the collision!—he cried out in utter terror of the vision. The shore-end of the cable that hung across the mighty chasm of the Muley was not a dozen yards from him. As he turned about, his eyes fell upon it. Beyond the yawning gorge, beyond the black mass of the forest-covered ridge, a mile away, lay the "Y" switch! A light flashed into his face, a gleam of something high and strange, and almost in the time that it took to draw a breath he had reached the cable.

In the moonlight it stretched far across the abyss like a silver thread, dwindling in the shadows of the south shore to something that looked very like a strand of gossamer. The wheeled carrier, with its down-dangling grappling-irons, hung upon the cable; a small wire rope, attached to the carrier and winding upon a windlassed drum in drawing the loads across from the opposite shore, hung at his side. He threw the brake off the drum, leaped up, and caught the grappling-hooks in his hands and shot out along the cable.

The south end of the cable was the lower, that the carrier might cross by its own weight. With Dreamy's weight added, the carrier fairly flew. Hanging there by his hands above the great abyss, he got a glimpse of stars and moon whirling together above him, of the Muley boiling white far below, and felt the night air rushing against his face and heard wheels burring in his ears; then suddenly he was thrown headlong to the earth on the south shore. The carrier had struck the bunting-post at the end of the cable.

Instantly he leaped to his feet and made for the summit of the ridge. Everything that he did seemed somehow terribly clear.

He knew that Logan's train had left Green Elbow, for I had told him so; hence when he shot across Muley Gorge on the cable the train-load of men must have been some four and a half miles below the "Y," while the two runaway cars had some nine miles to pass over before reaching it, and he himself a mile. Logan would come rather slowly, owing to the grade, while the car of dynamite and the car of iron must necessarily attain enormous speed in passing down the mountain. Could he reach the "Y" before the runaways passed it? That was the question that something in him constantly shouted as he went up the slope, across the spine of the ridge, and down the other side, springing over rocks, clambering up ledges, jumping down banks, and over fallen tree-trunks, falling and struggling up and rushing onward heedlessly and blindly through the moonlit gloom.

He seemed to have been many days in going that fearful mile, and his throat seemed as a pinhole through which he could get no breath, and his pulses bursting when he caught a glimpse of the bridge below him. He turned to the right then and went downward in reckless leaps. Suddenly he came to a little precipice and paused, and as he paused he heard a clamorous roar flooding down the Muley from the north-west and the faint whistle of a locomotive far down the track.

From that moment he lived in a kind of insane panic. Of just how he got down the ledge he now has no clear notion. He remembers finding himself on the ground half-killed, and scrambling up and rushing forward with strange moving things all about him, finding the "Y" switch and breaking the lock with a stone or piece of iron—he does not know which—and throwing the rails over, and then running blindly toward the ridge again. He remembers that as he ran the earth seemed to rise and strike him in the face, and that he then seemed floating as upon billows, and that something encompassed in thunder rushed across the bridge while the bridge reeled and shrieked, and that the thunder swept down the track and out over the five hundred feet of "Y" rails and smote the rocky hillside beyond, and that the world then seemed suddenly to crush into pieces and the sky to fall down upon him, with a thousand stunning marvels of noise, and with it a great blackness that blotted him utterly out.

The windows rattled in Paley Fork from the jar of the explosion, and that was forty miles away. A million bellowing echoes went abroad over the mountains, and all along the Pass men clutched their breath and stood still. Had Logan and all his men been destroyed? Suddenly every heart was hushed and soft with pity. Dreamy had broken the strike!

Logan—who could not get his train across the bridge the structure having been thrown out of line by the impact of the runaway cars or concussion from the explosion—found Dreamy at daybreak. The lad was in sad plight, being deaf and dazed and discolored by the mighty wave of sound that had swept across him; besides, he had a pair of fractured ribs, gotten somewhere in his wild run for the switch. Logan the Terrible brought him at once to the hospital at Paley Fork.

"The strike and the work can wait," he said; "I don't get a chance to serve a real live king very often!"

But the hole in the earth where the dynamite exploded! We went up from the despatcher's office to see it. A house could have been thrown into the rupture and not half-filled it. Odd things grew out of that hole. One day Yellow Logan, with a mysterious look on his big face, went into the hospital at Paley Fork and drew a chair up to Dreamy's bed. Dreamy had regained his hearing and was feeling nice and new.

"Hello, Terrible Man!" he said with welcoming smile.

Logan got his hand and drew up close to him and began to whisper. "Say, son, I want to tell ye something. That hole you blowed in the mountain up there is a quarry of the finest stone ye ever saw! The Government grant of land t' the company gives 'em only every other section. I've bought the section the quarry is on in your name for ye. I've got some papers here for ye t' sign. Burke says the company will use the stone in depots and its fine work and pay ye a royalty; besides, I expect people in Denver and Pueblo will want the stone. Y'r in it—sure, son!" His great face was radiant with smiles as he leaned over the convalescent. Dreamy took his hand and looked at him with misty eyes for a long time. "You say you bought the land in my name and you think the quarry is going to be valuable?" he said.

"Sure, son, sure!"

"Then I give you half of it."

This is how Dreamy and Logan came to own the valuable Muley Quarry, though both continued their railroad work and became rich and famous officials on the Western Central.

This thrilling story is reproduced here by permission of the publishers of a book of most remarkable railroad stories entitled "The Diamond Key, and How the Railroad Heroes Won It." The stories are largely founded on fact, and recount many thrilling and extraordinary acts of heroism by telegraph operators and train despatchers and trainmen. The book was written by an ex-train despatcher, and contains much valuable information as well as thrilling adventure. It is a new book by the author of "Young Heroes of Wire and Rail." It is beautifully bound and illustrated and contains nearly 400 pages. If you wish to give a book to any one as a present, or would like yourself to be thrilled and charmed, we advise you to send for it. Its price is $1.25. Address Lee & Shepard, 93 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

His Bad Luck.

Dr. Austin Flint, the alienist, said at the Century Club in New York, apropos of a will contest that had been tried last year:

"The plaintiff lost, and no wonder. His case was as difficult a one as that of the young man who appeared unduly depressed after the death of his rich aunt.

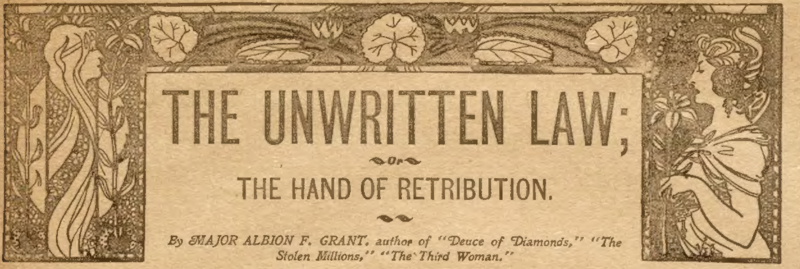
" 'Why are you so sad?' an acquaintance said to the young man. 'You never appeared to care much for your aunt.'

" 'I didn't,' said the youth dolefully, 'but I was the means of keeping her in an insane asylum the last five years of her life, and now that she has left me all her money, I've got to go to court and prove that she was of sound mind.' "

Wages and Boodle.

"What's the difference between wages and boodle?"

"Well, wages is money a man earns and sometimes doesn't get, but boodle is what a man gets and doesn't earn."



THE UNWRITTEN LAW;

Or

THE HAND OF RETRIBUTION.

By MAJOR ALBION F. GRANT, author of "Deuce of Diamonds," "The Stolen Millions," "The Third Woman."

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 15, April 13. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from new stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVI.
ARMS OF STEEL.

"It wasn't a bad night's work," chuckled the man who walked from the Deland mansion feeling a big roll of bills underneath his coat. "I guess I know my business. It's a cool thousand and not much work for it either. That woman has the tiger in her make-up and I wouldn't have stood the least show if I hadn't followed her with my eyes when she went to the little stand. She would have shot me down like a dog, that's what she'd have done. But you're out of it, Nick, and with a whole skin, too."

He turned up afterward in that part of the city where old Padouche had his den.

He confronted the old man and looked him over from head to foot before he trusted himself to take the chair that was assigned him.

"How's business?" he asked.

The beady eyes of the old man snapped. Under their gray lashes they shone like stars, and for a little while the detective studied him intently.

"You do all sorts of things here, I believe," he said at last.

The old creole left off work at the little bench and came over to his visitor.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Just a little observation, you know. I'm an observing cuss, I always was."

"Ho! you spy, mebbe!"

"In a manner, yes. I am a night prowler. And I know a few things that would not be nice to tell to the world at large."

"My secrets, eh?"

"Perhaps," said Nicholas Bragg. "You have them like other people."

"What one you find out?"

"I would like to ask what you charge to remove, say, a tattoo mark. It's owing to the wealth of the patient, I suppose?"

The little eyes seemed to retreat into the depths of their cavernous sockets and then came out the next moment like the bulging orbs of a striking serpent.

"Take that chair," commanded Padouche. "Since you've come to talk I must listen from this side of the room."

Unsuspectingly Bragg took the armchair designated and sank into its yielding depths.

"Now what you want to know?" proceeded the old man.

"Let me see. Yes, I was asking what you charge for removing birth or tattoo marks, say, if the young lady is rich or has a rich friend who can pay?"

The face of the old man seemed to shoot forward like the head of an adder, and to the detective it looked for all the world like the head of that reptile.

"Why you care to know?"

"A matter of curiosity and business," said Bragg, becoming a little bolder.

"What you pay to know?"

"Oh, I don't care to part with much of my cash. I see you don't care to enlighten me."

Old Padouche drew back.

"Who was she?" he asked. "Do you know?"

"What if I do?"

"Tell me. She was a beauty and would have it done and she paid for it like a princess."

"She did, eh? Well, she could, seeing that she has a banker not to be despised."

"Her mother?"

"Bless you, no," and for just a moment the name of Mrs. Deland trembled on the detective's tongue. "But she can pay just the same."

The face of old Padouche went as white as such a face could go.

He drew back, looked at Bragg for a moment and then——

There was a stifling cry and a pair of flexible steel arms came from he knew not where and in a flash he was the prisoner of the chair.

His arms were held as if in the grasp of a vise at the side of the chair, he was pressed toward the back and there he felt something sharp like the point of a stiletto.

He looked at the now grinning face of the old man. It had been transformed into the face of a veritable fiend, and looked for all the world like faces he had seen only in dreams and never in real life.

"Loosen the arms of your infernal chair!" he exclaimed. "I know too much to be kept beyond my time in this den.'

"You know too much to go out of it."

The voice and the mien of the speaker were merciless.

"I am an officer of the law and my absence will be noted and they will look for me here."

"Lie!" was the sententious rejoinder.

"I have given out that I was coming to your den, and if I am not back within a certain time you will have other visitors and then the whole secret of your black art will be out."

"I save the young lady. I never let my secrets get upon the streets."

"You don't, eh? You never let the world know how you remove marks, yet it discovers that that is part of your black business."

Old Padouche rose and went back to his phials and philters at the work bench.

Bragg could not even twist in his prison chair, but he could watch the old man and see him weigh minute things in little scales and smile over his employment.

He seemed to have forgotten the captive of the chair. It was as if Bragg was a thousand miles away.

The man in the chair grew black with rage. He frothed at the mouth and glared like a tiger at his foe.

"You shall not silence me!" he shot at the old man. "You shall not keep me here. It is infamous!"

Old Padouche only looked over his shoulder. There was a leer in his eyes that grated on Bragg's nerves.

"You know too much," he said. "You must be kept quiet."

"And do you think that treatment of this kind will quiet me?"

"No, but that will, my friend."

Something at that moment dropped over Bragg's head. It closed over his face like the hangman's cap, only closer than that terrible thing.

He gasped and tried to lift his hands, but without avail.

He was as helpless as the doomed in the electric chair.

"Curse you! Curse you!" came from beneath the cap in half-smothered tones.

The only answer Bragg got was a laugh of derision that might have emanated from the bottomless pit.

Old Padouche, the creole, went on with his work. The night crept on. The lights of the city shone far out in the bay and the great boats danced hither and thither like a swarm of fireflies.

At last the old man left the little bench and went over to his captive. He stooped over him and listened for half a minute close to the black mask.

Then he touched one of Bragg's arms. It moved a little and the old wretch shook his head.

"The lady's secret is safe," said he with a chuckle. "The fool is not going to betray us."

Another hour passed. The chair was empty. Old Padouche was back at his work weighing and separating, sifting and tasting, with that mummy face of his almost glued to the bench and a malicious sparkle in his little eyes.

And Nicholas Bragg?

No echo of his fate pervaded that strange room. Nothing to tell of his doom was there save the chair which kept its secret. The light fell now and then on Padouche's face as he moved it back and forth like a censer.

At last the demon of the den rose and stretched himself. It was the old lion stretching after engorgements.

Suddenly he bounded across the room with the agility of an athlete. He vanished through the little door at one side of the chamber, was gone five minutes and then came back. But he was old Padouche no longer.

His face was smooth, no straggling hairs now, and the eyes seemed to have got another light.

"Safe! safe! and it means gold, gold for me," he laughed. "The lady will be my banker. I told the fool that I did not know her name, but when it has been in the papers for weeks and her portrait above it I am the fool if I did not know. And they are going to try her fiance for murder. They are going to try him soon and the mark had to go. That's it. It had to go. I wonder what the public would say if I were to take the stand? I can't do that. Her secret is safe with me, and when they have cleared Hector Knight, and they will, for gold will do its work, aye, gold and the 'unwritten law,' I, old Padouche, will have good bankers and I will draw on them to the best of my ability."

CHAPTER XVII.
LA DEATH.

It was on the eve of the great trial.

The lawyers were ready for the bout and expectation ran high. It was said that the district attorney would "fall down" in his presentment of the case, whereas the defense would have everything its own way and that the result was not in doubt.

A letter was placed in Marice De Marne's hands.

It was in a small envelope and she withdrew to the innermost recesses of the house and broke the seal.

A long cry of joy passed her lips.

Brief was the wording of the letter, only one line across the sheet and but five words.

"He will not come back!"

There was no signature at the end of the words, but none was needed. Without that it told her enough.

Quincy Weston would not come back to trouble her and unmask the past.

She went downstairs and showed the letter to Mrs. Deland. That creature rejoiced with her. They need fear nothing now from the land of the soundless-footed pumas.

There came back to Marice's eyes a look they had not had for a long time.

Safe at last! Now the merciless district attorney could spread his nets, but she was safe; her secret was not to come up to haunt her and blast her ambition. She would not be confronted in court with any chapter of her past, and when Hector had been vindicated they would be happy and her life could begin anew.

That day when she made her usual visit to her lover she was in fine fettle and her smiles brightened the little cell he occupied. They laid plans for the future; he told her of the honeymoon to come and together they talked over what was to come after the vindication of the "unwritten law."

But was it true that Weston would not come back to trouble her?

We have witnessed his escape from the house of the pumas and have seen Colonel Campo's rage thereat. Kitty had warned him to be careful lest he fall again into the hands of the enemy, for the girl did not think for a moment that they had given up the scent.

Kendall Gray's love did not want to see his best friend and avenger perish at the hands of the Black Puma, and therefore she took more than passing interest in him.

Weston was cautious. He knew with whom he had to deal, for he had felt the fangs of the Puma and, in fact, it had already tasted his blood.

The deeper he probed into the matter the more he became convinced that Townley Sharp, the so-called detective who had come out with him, was the secret agent of Mrs. Burke-Deland and Marice. This was the man who had told the Black Puma of his arrival in the South American capital.

Sharp had vanished.

Weston went out but little and that only after dark and in such places as he deemed safe.

The newspapers kept him posted as to the progress of events on the scene of the crime of the Othello Gardens. He read with an eagerness born of vengeance and saw with alarm that matters were drifting toward Hector Knight's vindication.

Yet he did not send word north of his work in Rio. He kept silent and bided his time. Now and then he held an interview with Kitty and the two went over the ground and devised plans for discovering the missing links in Marice De Marne's life.

One night when Weston entered the room he fell back to find himself confronted by La Death, the girl who had warned him of the teeth of the Black Puma.

The Reptile of the Amazon smiled her sweetest when Weston entered the room, and Kitty waved her hand toward the girl with a little smile.

That La Death's presence in the room was Kitty's work Weston did not doubt.

"You are out of the den?" said La Death.

"Yes," and Weston felt a shudder pass through his frame as he recalled his adventure with the savage cats. "I am out, but for how long I do not know."

"For good if the senor is careful."

"That is it—if I am careful."

"La Death has come here at my invitation," said Kitty. "I have asked her for a little information and have told her of the crime of the Othello Gardens."

"Yes? She knows all then?"

"All that I could impart."

"And what can she tell us?" queried Weston, eager to extract some secrets from the girl.

The Reptile of the Amazon leaned back in Kitty's best chair and for a moment closed her deep black eyes.

"What does la senorita want to know?" she asked.

"Much, La Death," exclaimed Kitty. "Much depends on what you can tell."

The long, white hands of the fair South American reached out and rested on the arms of the chair. Her lids unclosed and for half a minute she gazed at Kitty.

"You want to know what the Northern girl has been?" she said at length.

"That is it. We want to know what you know about her."

"She is the singer of the Grand Opera," said La Death. "I sang with her before I came into the strange power of the Black Puma."

"You?" cried Kitty Burton. "You do not belong to the order? I will not believe it."

La Death pulled the shawl from her shoulders and then deftly bared the right one in the soft light that pervaded the little room.

"Look!" she said looking up into the astonished faces of her companions. "Look at the mark of the beast."

Weston and Gray's love leaned forward and gazed in astonishment at the tattoo of a puma's head on the olive skin of the girl's shoulder.

La Death did not speak, but let them look their full.

"You belong, then?" exclaimed Weston. "You are a member of the dread order of forest and city?"

The sloe-black eyes got a fiercer glitter.

"I did belong, but I have been blacklisted."

"But you know all the secrets of the Black Puma?"

"Si, senor."

"And all who belong wear that sign?"

"All, senor."

"And she—this girl afar off—this woman who spoke the doom of my friend——"

"If she is Helen she wears the sign."

"She is Helen O'Ziris!" confidently cried Weston. "She is the same creature who trod the boards with you."

"Then she wears the mark."

"How came you two to join the order?"

"Mad girlish freaks, you may say, senor, the freaks of the wine after the play."

Weston and Kitty exchanged looks.

"Since you know, you can become the goddess of revenge," said the young American.

"How, senor?"

"You can go to the United States and confront this woman on the witness stand."

La Death drew back and her face changed color.

"What! me leave Brazil, senor? Leave the tropics for the cold winds of your land? I cannot!"

"Not even for my sake?" and the hand of Kitty dropped softly upon La Death's shoulder. "You will doom the murderer. You do not know how they twist public opinion in my country, you do not know how they sway it wrongfully with the cry of 'unwritten law.' That law nullifies the statutes of my land; it blindfolds the people; it covers them as with a cloak and Justice is shamed. You can unmask this woman and break the potency of this specious cry. You will do it, La Death—for my sake and his who was the victim."

Again the girl of the tropics looked into Kitty's face and pressed her hand to her bosom.

"It is cold, cold in your land," said she with a faint smile. "I am not strong. I am passing as the seasons pass in the depths of the forests from whence I came. I am dying now."

"You, girl? You, our friend?"

"Yes."

The word barely parted La Death's lips.

"But you will give us the secrets of her life in Rio? You will tell us and sign a statement that she wears the mark of the Puma and that she was Helen O'Ziris here?"

"I will do that," said La Death. "But the winds of your land I must never face."

Weston and Kitty looked at the girl with eyes full of pity. She looked more beautiful than ever.

CHAPTER XVIII.
THE ANACONDA.

When Weston quitted the house of Kitty Burton he was full of the story told by the Reptile of the Amazon.

At last he had a grip on the past of Marice De Marne. He knew that he could lift the veil she had drawn over the years of her earlier life and bare it to the world. And he knew, too, that Kendall Gray had never persecuted the woman, that he did not intend to disturb her in her new home, and that she must have recognized him as one whom she had seen in Brazil and who she thought had come back to unmask her at the threshold of achieved ambition.

His heart beat fast as he flitted through the shadows after his interview with La Death. Ah, if he could but take the girl North and place her on the witness stand during the great trial, so near at hand, he would startle the world and avenge the death of his friend.

But La Death, already stricken with a malady that sapped her life, would not go. She would give him her story of the Black Puma and let him place it where it would strike hard and not defeat the ends of justice.

Weston was not far from his hotel when he heard a light footstep behind him.

More than ever suspicious since his escape from the fangs of the pumas, he turned quickly and saw a figure fall on the street within a few feet of him.

Weston was not up in the ways of the tropics. He did not know the decoy system that is practiced by the underworld in the shadows of Rio.

He obeyed his first impulse and sprang to the assistance of the person who had fallen against the wall of the nearest building.

He stooped over the figure and would have lifted it, when he was seized around the neck and the recumbent form had him in its grasp.

The long arms, that were as supple as an Indian's, closed about Weston's neck, and were drawn so tight that for a moment he thought he would be choked to death without mercy.

In vain he tried to cry out. His voice died within him and he struggled to regain it with the arms of the unknown shutting off every semblance of strength.

He was carried off, dragged a few feet, and then a cry like that of some animal brought two others to the assistance of the first.

Weston's life seemed to go out. He could not move. In another moment he was lifted off his feet and borne rapidly from the scene of his capture.

If he could not move he could think. He was again in the hands of the Black Puma, and all his work was for naught. Now La Death's story would never be known at the far North; she would die with it untold and Justice would bow her head in shame at the foot of the cross of the unwritten law.

(Continued on page six.)

A FATAL FLIRTATION

BY GRANVILLE OSBORNE

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 17, April 27. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from new stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER III.

Tatters was quite himself again, and the wallflowers and primroses in the rectory garden had given place to pansies and lilies of the valley. Serge's first visit of inquiry, which he paid with commendable propriety the morning after the accident, by no means proved his last. In fact he took to strolling down to the rectory almost every day, and the rector and Tatters, although his very good friends, seldom occupied much of his attention.

Pretty Rose Maple was picking great clusters of white and purple lilac one sunny May morning, when she heard the accustomed step on the gravel, and smiled, well pleased, under the shade of a very becoming garden hat.

"Good morning, Miss Maple," said the visitor. "I'm rather early, I'm afraid, but I'm off to Framton, and my aunt asked me to look in one the way and give you this note." He held it out as he spoke. "No, don't put it into your pocket, please. I want you to read it, and make sure of your answer."

Rose blushed a little as she obeyed, and then her dimples came into full play.

"Oh, how kind of Mrs. Talbot!" she exclaimed.

"Then you'll come?" asked Serge.

"I should love to come!" she replied. "But about staying the night——"

"Ah, that you must do!" he interrupted. "Framton House is a good eight-miles drive, and, as there will probably be dancing after the thatricals——"

"Dancing!" breathed Rose in a tone of supreme delight. Serge laughed at her enthusiasm.

"Then that's settled," he said. "A married cousin of ours, Mrs. Davy, who is coming to us on a three-days' visit, will chaperon you, if Aunt Gertrude's bronchitis keeps her at home—as it is pretty sure to do," he added under his breath.

Rose held up her fragrant burden.

"Isn't it sweet?" she cried, but he was not looking at the flowers, and she knew it.

"There's something wanting in you," she said gravely, surveying him under her long lashes. "Ah, I know—come this way, sir, if you please!" And she led him to a sheltered corner where the lilies of the valley were bravely upholding their white bells between the upstanding green leaves.

"You must pin it on for me!" he said, as she fashioned the dainty button-hole bouquet.

"Must, Mr. Arkloe!" She held out the boutonniere with a teasing little laugh, and Serge took it and smiled.

"You won't? Then I cannot wear it," he said, and taking out his pocketbook he placed the beautiful flowers between its leaves. "I shall keep it—and perhaps some day I may be able to wear it," he said.

Rose's cheeks crimsoned, for she read his meaning aright.

"Don't be so foolish!" she exclaimed. "Ah, here comes Uncle Robert! Only fancy, Uncle Rob, Mrs. Talbot has asked me to go with her to some private theatricals at Framton House!"

"I am delighted, my dear!" responded the rector cordially. "It will be quite a pleasant little change for you—a return to the world again after your——"

"But here Rose silenced him with a look, and, though Serge did not observe this little by-play, he noticed that the girl grew suddenly rather silent and preoccupied.

"I know what is worrying her," he thought as he rode away. "Poor dear little child. She is thinking about her gown—whether it will be smart enough, and all that kind of thing. As though any one would look beyond her face! Heigho! I wonder if she cares for me, and if I shall ever be able to speak?"

Serge was entirely dependent upon his brother, and he sometimes realized rather keenly the peculiar difficulties of his position. His salary as an agent was considerably less than he might have commanded elsewhere, and his hands were tied to an almost unbearable extent; but he felt that, for the sake both of the estate and of his brother, it was his duty to remain at his post.

"You must marry an heiress," Maurice had often said to his brother, and Serge had listened philosophically—until he fell in love with Rose Maple. Then he knew that his deep-rooted love of the old ancestral home was as nothing to that which he felt for this golden-haired, blue-eyed girl, who wore her simple cotton frocks like a little princess, and talked wisely with the rector about his frugal economies.

Serge did not hesitate for a moment. He made up his mind as he cantered over the breezy common that he would speak at the first opportunity, and tell Rose that if she cared for him and was ready to wait—But at this point his day-dreams became so ecstatic that he was lifted completely out of his surroundings, and rode on through a golden world, a world where Rose was queen.

When he reached his destination Arkloe was detained by business that occupied the greater part of the day, and it was late in the afternoon before he got back to the Hall.

"The ladies are in the drawing room, sir," observed Price as Serge entered.

"What ladies?"

"Mrs. Talbot, sir, and Mrs. Davy and Miss Heatherton."

"Who may Miss Heatherton be?" he wondered, as he crossed the hall, but the question was soon answered, for, when he opened the door, he was greeted by a cry of delight from his cousin, a pretty, fashionable-looking little matron.

"At last, Serge!" she exclaimed. "Aunt Gertrude is getting quite anxious. Gladys, may I introduce my cousin, Serge Arkloe?"

Mrs. Davy and her friend were paying a three days' visit, and the theatricals at Framton took place on the last evening of their stay. Serge could not help seeing through his match-making cousin's manoeuvers concerning himself and her young protege; but, even had he not known Rose, Gladys Heatherton was far too much the stereotyped young lady of the period to suit his fastidious taste. Besides she was an heiress, and Serge did not intend to marry a girl with money. But for the last two evenings Rose had watched for him in vain, and some chance gossip overheard in the village made her angry with herself for even expecting him.

"You will enjoy your little dissipation, my dear," said the rector the next day, when he kissed her good-by before starting on his parish visiting.

"I'd rather be staying at home," replied Rose, and she repeated the remark to herself when, on arrival, she found tea progressing under the cedars, and saw Serge leaning over Miss Heatherton's chair.

Even Sir Maurice had been wheeled out and was talking pleasantly to Jennet Dare. She answered him somewhat at random, for Bert was in one of his wildest moods.

"Is that your parson's niece?" asked Gladys, raising her dark eyebrows. "Quite a pretty little thing!"

But Serge did not even hear her. He had gone quickly forward to meet Rose—his aunt was introducing her to the rest of the party—and when at last she turned to him he was conscious at once of some subtle change in her manner.

Jennet, having supplied Bert with a generous helping of early strawberries, sat and watched everything. Apparently she was still as far from her goal as on the night of her arrival, and sometimes she felt almost in despair. She had done her utmost to find out all she could respecting Serge's reputed connection with the vision in the Oak Passage, but Mrs. Mellor had evidently repented her indiscreet confidences, and the other servants were comparatively newcomers. Night after night she crept out to watch in the gallery, but so far her vigils had been undisturbed, and, despite her fast-growing prejudice and dislike, she could not find the smallest clue in Serge's present life upon which to base her suspicions as to his past.

"What a very remarkable looking person the governess is!" whispered Miss Heatherton to Serge. "She seems to take a great interest in you—she has been watching you closely for the last ten minutes with those dark eyes of hers."

"Indeed?" he responded absently. He was thinking that he had never objected so strongly to his brother's manner with women as he did at the present moment, when Rose sat beside the invalid's sofa, sipping her tea and responding merrily to Sir Maurice's overtures.

"Maurice always was a flirt," thought Serge. "He still likes to keep his hand in, poor old chap, and, goodness knows, he hasn't many opportunities. But I'm hanged if he has any business to stare at her like that!"

He chafed in vain, however, for Rose, who understood Sir Maurice better than his brother imagined, seemed to enjoy her flirtation and did not vouchsafe a glance in Serge's direction.

Presently Jarvis appeared to wheel his master indoors, and the rest of the party, with the exception of Mrs. Talbot, strolled down to the river, which ran through the grounds at the back of the Hall.

"I should like to go in the boat, Uncle Serge—do take me in the boat!" cried Bert, escaping from his governess' restraining hand.

"Oh, delightful! the very thing!" exclaimed Miss Heatherton, and a few minutes later she was indeed stepping into the boat that was moored outside the little boat-house. But Bert was not included amongst their number. The current was strong, and Serge would not venture upon more than three passengers.

"Oh, it is too bad!" said Rose eagerly, as the child turned angrily away. "Let me stay behind. I don't mind——"

"Not for worlds!" returned Serge quickly. It was the first time she had addressed him. "I couldn't take him without Miss Dare, and besides—now, don't be silly, Bert!"

"I'll pay you out, you mean old thing!" muttered the young gentleman in question; he did not scream and protest as most children would have done in his place, but a peculiar look came into his eyes, and he clenched his little hands.

"It was that hateful Gladys!" he said loudly, addressing Jennet, who tried to soothe him. "I heard her say she didn't want the schoolroom menage! What's a menage? I'll be even with her—and with Uncle Serge, too!"

"Herbert, I am shocked!" said Jennet bravely. "Little boys should never talk of 'paying people out.'"

"Then I won't talk, but I'll do it!" was the prompt reply.

Jennet deemed it wisest to ignore this unpromising mood as a sudden sense of her own hypocrisy swept over her. Who was she that she should rebuke the child for a sentiment which had been the key to her own life and conduct the past nine years?

Bert wriggled his hand out of her grasp and ran away.

Jennet, for once oblivious of her duties, forbore to follow him; she spent the next half hour in her room, indulging in bitter reminiscences and sorrowful thoughts, and when at last she went to look for her pupil he was nowhere to be found.

It was sometime before she encountered a housemaid, who said that she had seen the child entering Mr. Serge's sitting room in the Oak Passage.

Jennet bit her lip with vexation. She remembered Bert's threat, and she knew that the boy would keep his word if he could. So she hurried to the room, hoping to be in time to prevent any real mischief.

Serge occupied a suite of rooms on the ground floor, all of which, though connected with each other, opened out into the Oak Passage. The door of the sitting room stood half open.

Jennet, rendered desperate by the sound of a stifled giggle, entered noiselessly. The culprit was seated at the writing table in the bow window, his curly head bowed over the contents of a huge portfolio and his hands busily at work.

"There—and there—and there!" he chuckled in accents of intense satisfaction.

Jennet crept up behind him unperceived, and glanced over his shoulder. Her worst fears were realized. The spiteful child had possessed himself of a lead pencil and was putting finishing touches of a highly original description to the sketches and portraits he had taken out of the portfolio. He showed neither remorse nor dismay when an avenging hand fell suddenly on his shoulder and the pencil was wrested from his grasp.

"Herbert!"

"It is a lovely paying-out!" said Bert coolly. "Get away, Miss Dare! I won't be interrupted! I helped Uncle Serge to pull out this old book-thing yesterday. It was in the oak chest, and all dusty and mouldy, and he said he wanted to find some sketches he made nine years ago, to show Miss Heatherton, 'cause she came from those parts. I should think the silly old things were the ones, shouldn't you?"

He held out a sketch as he spoke, pointing with an elfish laugh to his own adornments in the perspective. Jennet looked, and for the moment her heart seemed to stop beating. It was unmistakably a sketch of the moor farm; she knew every aspect of the place and its surroundings too well to doubt its identity.

"Let—me—see!" she faltered, pulling it away from the child.

"Won't he be cross?" laughed Bert, relieved that his misdoings had been taken so quietly. "If the luncheon bell hadn't rung he would have shown them to me, and told me which were—Oh, look here! This would have been funniest, only you interrupted me. I was just going to give this lady a mustache."

Jennet, bending over the table, uttered a sudden choking cry. The portrait was the duplicate of the half-finished sketch which Mrs. Scott had found in her lodger's waste paper basket. It was the finished duplicate, for, despite the unconventional pose of this model, the artist had managed to catch the indefinable charm of poor Emmeline's dainty beauty without losing the effect that rendered it so marvellously true to life. The sketch was carefully mounted, and in the corner she could decipher the initials "H. D."

Jennet did not know how long she stood gazing at the sweet familiar face, but each moment her certainty grew stronger, and the passionate longing for vengeance almost deprived her of self-control. Presently, however, she heard Bert speaking.

"What is the matter?" cried the child. "Are you ill? I thought you weren't angry."

"I am very angry!" said Jennet hoarsely. "Put the sketches back into the portfolio—and go straight up to bed."

Some one had entered the room as Bert spoke, and the instinct of self-preservation enabled the governess to recover herself and look at the situation from her pupil's point of view. It was only one of the footmen escorting a workman about to do some slight repairs to the wainscoting, but Jennet's one instinct was to escape. She dared not carry away Em's portrait, nor even the sketch of the farm—the men could see every movement, and Bert was staring at her defiantly.

"I will come back," she thought, and she herself replaced the sketches and hurried the culprit away.

But when, after the lapse of nearly half an hour, she stole down the Oak Passage again, it was only to come face to face with Mrs. Mellor.

"Dropped your handkerchief, miss? I will go in and look for it. My word, but Master Herbert is a handful!" was the woman's comment; but Jennet fancied she looked suspicious.

"There's no handkerchief there," said the housekeeper when she reappeared and closed the door behind her. She was surprised and by no means over-pleased, to find the governess following her through the swing-door to her own room.

Jennet was desperate. She felt that she must put the question which had been on the tip of her tongue ever since her first night at the Hall.

"How cosy you are here, Mrs. Mellor!" she said, looking around the little apartment. "I suppose that curtained door leads into your bedroom?"

"It does, miss," replied the housekeeper shortly. "You will excuse me, I'm sure, but I'm very busy——"

"I won't keep you a moment," said Jennet. She turned to retreat, and then glancing over her shoulder, said, with apparent carelessness, "By the way, Master Bert said that those sketches were done by his uncle, and yet I noticed that they all bore the initials 'H. D.' I thought he must be mistaken, for they are really so remarkably well done——"

"Mrs. Mellor's face cleared. Her unwelcome visitor was almost outside the door by this time, and she had no wish to be absolutely discourteous.

"Master Bert was quite right, miss," she said. "Old Sir Maurice was 'Mr. Donald' until he came unexpectedly into the baronetcy and estate shortly before his death seven years ago; and then, of course, the family took the old name, for there have always been Arkloes at the Hall. Mr. Donald was a clergyman, and his sons were young men at Oxford. It was a great change for them all. Mr. Maurice married as soon as he succeeded to the title, and Mr Serge——"

Mrs. Mellor broke off here, evidently feeling that she had said enough, and Jennet went away without asking any more questions. She had been more successful than she had dared to hope; a little patience, and the man whom she looked upon as her sister's murderer would surely be in her power.

GIVEN TO BOYS GIRLS LADIES

Boys, we will give you a specially made Baseball suit Gray, Blue, Brown, or Red any color you prefer: pants (full-padded) laced front shirt New York style cap and good belt or you can have a Player's Outfit, consisting of a heavily-padded chest-protector, catcher's laced mitt, strong wire mask, padded sides, fielder's glove, dandy base-ball, clasp belt and cap, for selling only 25 of our large High-Art Pictures (10 x 13) at 10 cents each. Write at once. We trust you. outfit you select, will be sent same day $2.50 from sale of Pictures is received. AMERICAN PICTURE CO. Dept. A. 813 Canal St., Passaic, N. J.

GIRLS and LADIES: Beautiful Japanese Silk Parasols, choice of 1, 2, 3 and 4 ruffles, in regular and coaching shapes, in all the newest shades; Pink, White, Blue, Helio, Red and Green; sizes: 16 to 24. Girls, Ladies—we give you one of these elegant Parasols for selling only 25 of our large High-Art Pictures (10 x 13 inches) at only 10 cents each. Write at once. We trust you. When sold, send us the $2.50 and the Parasol you select will be sent you at once. Dept. B. AMERICAN PICTURE CO. 813 Canal St., Passaic, N. J.

GIVEN TO BOYS

WE GIVE YOU THIS.

Genuine take down, hunting Rifle, shoots long and short 22 cal. cartridges; blue steel rifle barrel, black walnut stock, peep sights, lever action, automatic shell extractor. Boys, we give you this fine rifle for selling only 25 of our large High-Art Pictures (10 x 13) at 10 cents each. When sold, send us the $2.50 and rifle will be sent at once. AMERICAN PICTURE CO., Dept. K. 813 Canal St., Passaic, N. J.

GIVEN TO LADIES THIS ELEGANT FULL SIZE FAMILY DINNER SET

Our handsome, full-size, family Dinner Sets are made from the best grade of American semi-porcelain; finely modeled, delicately decorated in small, dainty flowers; every piece perfect—an ornamental and useful set of dishes. Ladies, we will give you one of these beautiful, family Dinner Sets for selling only 25 of our large, High-Art Pictures at 10 cents each. Write at once. We trust you with our Pictures to sell. When sold, send us the $2.50 and this elegant Set of Dishes will be sent at once. AMERICAN PICTURE CO., Dept. P. 813 Canal St., Passaic, N. J.

CHAPTER IV.

"She is very pretty—a great deal too pretty—and such good style, too!" thought Mrs. Davy, a trifle discontentedly, as she surveyed her two charges in the drawing room previous to their departure for Framton.

Gladys Heatherton was looking very handsome in a marvellous "creation" of sea-green chiffon and silk which set off her dark beauty to perfection, but Rose's charm lay in her extreme simplicity. To the initiated it was nevertheless evident that her soft white silk was every whit as well cut and as expensive as the older girl's more imposing toilet. She wore a cluster of superb crimson roses in the lace of her corsage, and carried a similar bouquet, both of which had been supplied by Serge. Rose had told herself that she did not want to take his flowers, but when it came to the point she could not resist them.

She had stood before her glass some minutes before going down to the drawing room clasping something bright and sparkling about her slender neck, but apparently second thought proved best, for when she joined the rest of the party she was simplicity itself, and did credit to her taste.

Sir Maurice, who had insisted upon remaining in the drawing room until the departure of his guests, could scarcely take his eyes from her fair face and graceful figure, and Gladys evidently felt herself eclipsed.

"You are wearing my flowers!" whispered Serge. Some little demon of mischief must have prompted the girl's reply.

"You're flowers? Why, I thought they were—I fancied they came from——"

"From whom?" he asked gloomily.

"Sir Maurice, of course. The initials on the card were—but, after all, what does it signify?" I only wore them because they look rather well with this dress—at least, so Mrs. Talbot's maid assured me. I wonder how it feels to have a maid of one's own?"

Miss Heatherton overheard this last remark, and smiled contemptuously.

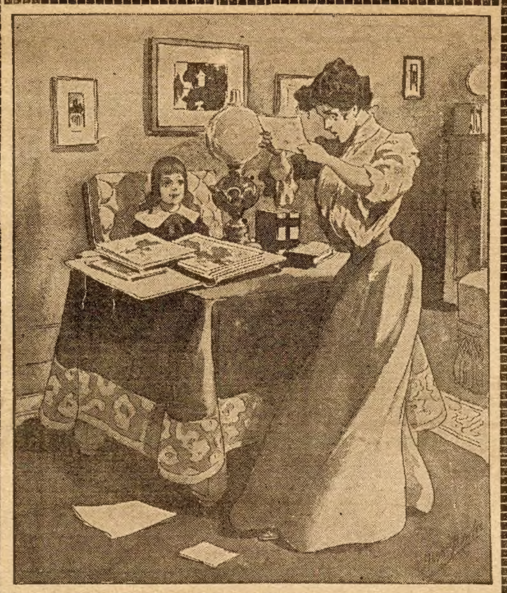
"It is clearly a case of a 'fairy godmother'" she told her chaperon.

"Of course, that gown comes from some wealthy relation—you see she has no jewelry, not even a ring. She must feel uncommonly like Cinderella tonight, poor little thing! It will be amusing to watch her at Framton."

"Cinderella—and the prince," murmured Mrs. Davy. She was taking mental notes of the hurried conversation between Rose and Serge. She could not hear what they said, but something in her nephew's manner alarmed her for the success of her project.

It was a long drive to Framton, and Rose enjoyed it even less than she had expected, for Gladys was sulky and Mrs. Davy unusually silent. Serge himself drove over in the dog-cart, but he was delayed on the way, and did not arrive until after the theatricals, that were the great feature of the evening, were half over.

Framton Court was one of the "show places" of the county—the seat of the Duke of Crispin. No one who belonged to "those parts" could boast any great familiarity with the house or its inmates, for the Duke and Duchess rarely honored it with their presence for many weeks at a time, but they had been so carried away by the success of some amateur theatricals performed in London for the benefit of a well known charity that they had brought down the performers en masse to repeat their performance for the edification of the county at large.



"I am very angry!" said Jennet.

"I suppose everybody will be there," observed Mrs. Davy, as their carriage fell into line on reaching its destination and made one of a long string of vehicles crawling slowly along the last half mile or so of the approach.

"All the world and his wife," rejoined Gladys, brightening. "It will be good fun. I hope some of 'our own set' will be there, but most people saw it at Cowdry House last month. Charlie Dowson went. He says the Duchess—'Marion,' you know—is a perfect stick, but she would take the part——"

"Oh!" exclaimed Rose involuntarily, and checked herself suddenly. But her companions did not notice her.

"I'm glad to have the chance of seeing it here," admitted Mrs. Davy frankly. "No one need know that I was not at Cowdry House, and it is so stupid not to be able to talk about it! We don't know the Crispins, and—ah, at last! Dear me, what a blaze!"

The carriage drew up at the foot of the canopied steps, and Rose followed humbly in her companions' wake. She was even more amused and entertained than she had expected to be, and when they took their very modest places half-way down the great hall she looked about her so diligently that Gladys remarked patronizingly:

"I suppose you have never seen anything like this before?"

"I am looking to see if I can find any one I know," replied Rose, well aware of the subdued smile on her companion's face.

"Any one she knows here! Good gracious!" murmured Miss Heatherton in sotto voice.

The theatricals came to a triumphant end, and the dancing began. The crowd was so great that some time elapsed before Serge could find his own party, but at last he caught a glimpse of Gladys' dark, stately self. She was standing in a corner beside her chaperon, looking distinctly cross.

"At last, Serge!" exclaimed Mrs. Davy reproachfully. "We were beginning to fell quite deserted, and——"

"Where is Rose—Miss Maple?" he interrupted.

"Miss Maple is dancing," replied his cousin stiffly. "With a friend of hers, I suppose, but I didn't quite catch the name, though I seemed to know his face."

Serge scanned the crowd vainly, and his face grew dark, though he turned with ready courtesy and begged Gladys to excuse his tardy arrival and give him what was left of the waltz.

As soon as it was over he took her back and went off on a tour of investigation. It was some time before his exertions were rewarded by a glimpse of spreading white silken skirts and dark crimson roses in close proximity to their vis-a-vis—a tall, good looking young fellow. They were sharing a corner of one of the conservatories—a corner designed and fitted up for flirtation—and it was obvious that they had sat out the whole of the preceding dance together.

Serge's approach was hindered by another couple, and as he drew back to let them pass he distinctly heard Rose murmur:

"So now you understand, and you'll keep my secret, won't you?"

"To the death!" replied the young fellow promptly, showing his white teeth in a hearty laugh. "By Jove, Miss Rose, but it's the biggest joke I have heard for a long time!"

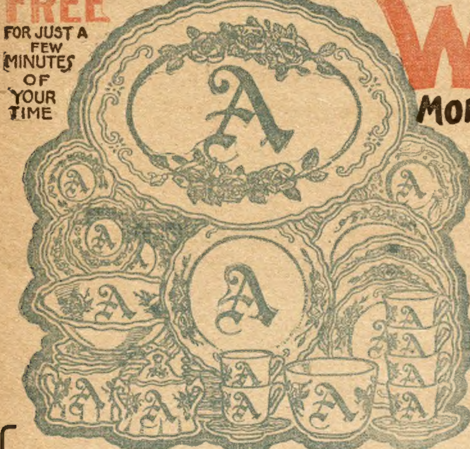
"I believe this is our dance, Miss Maple!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Rose, looking up nervously. "I—I thought you were not coming, and I met an old friend. Lord Edward Keller—Mr. Arkloe."

The men exchanged ceremonious bows, and then Lord Edward, still smiling, resigned his partner and walked away.

Serge asked for no explanation, and none was vouchsafed him. The pair went through their dance without exchanging an unnecessary syllable, and then Arkloe took his partner back to his cousin. The evening was spoiled for them both, and Mrs. Davy was surprised to find Rose quite ready

(Continued on page seven.)



FREE
FOR JUST A FEW MINUTES OF YOUR TIME

Wonderful
MONOGRAM Dinner Set Offer

POSITIVELY the most wonderful most liberal and most generous offer ever made on a dinner set or any other premium.

The Editor of this paper certifies that this offer is just as represented.

Just for a few MINUTES of your spare time—no work and ***not a bit of canvassing either*** you will get this magnificent monogram dinner set FREE

This Elegant 42-Piece Dinner Set is made of finest Parisien China *regulation full size,* and decorated with modern high art. The kind used by the most stylish people. We figure that, by being *very* generous and liberal with you and giving you *the best right now,* we would at once win your friendship and recommendation and your beautiful dinner set—envied by all neighbors—the best dinner set in town—ought to prove the very finest kind of an advertisement for our liberal proposition.

Your Own Initial in Pure Gold will be on every piece except cups and saucers. The 42 pieces are: six large size 9-inch plates, six 7-inch dessert plates, six large size cups, six saucers, six sauce or fruit dishes, six individual butter dishes, two large size vegetable dishes, one platter, one cake plate, one bread plate, and gravy bowl. **We guarantee that this Parisien China dinner set is exactly as represented and exactly as shown in the picture with beautiful rose in colors, gold monogram and edges traced in gold.**

The Offer: **To any Honest Person,** I will send *prepaid,* nothing for you to pay—no deposit—no C. O. D. 24 of my famous high-art pictures, richly colored, 16 x 20 inches, complete with facsimile lithograph gold scroll frames. These 24 pictures you are to distribute and besides I send you two extra pictures which you are to keep—a total of 26 pictures. The two extra pictures you hang in your parlor. Invite your friends to see your two pictures and whenever a friend calls hand her one of the other 24 pictures at only 25 cents each. By giving away the 24 pictures at only 25 cents each, you will take in $6.00. Send us the $6.00 and we will send you the aristocratic 42-piece dinner set FREE.

As soon as people see the pictures decorating the walls of your room they will be *eager* to get a similar picture. But if for any reason you should not succeed, we will pay for the pictures you distributed, and besides *we want you to keep the two extra pictures free anyway just for having made an honest effort.*

SIGN This Coupon

Just write your name and address plainly on the coupon and mail in an envelope. You will then get the magnificent colored pictures by return mail; also a big picture of our 42-piece monogram dinner set, our mammoth testimonial sheet and a letter fully explaining just what to do. This will be sent at once, prepaid, so you can earn the dinner set *right away.*

REMEMBER--Everybody gets two 16 x 20 inch high-art pictures free to keep anyway just for making a very honest effort.

Sign and mail the coupon now. *You need not bother with a letter.* Just mail coupon in an envelope. Get the wonderfully liberal offer *before anybody else gets it in your own town.* Sign this coupon now.

GEO. CLARK, Mgr., 63-69 Washington St., Suite 140 D Chicago, Ill.
(Incorporated in Illinois for $60,000.00.)

CUT THIS OUT — FREE COUPON — CUT THIS OUT

GEO. CLARK, Manager
63-69 Washington Street, Suite 140 D, Chicago, Illinois

I would like to earn your Monogram Dinner Set. Please send me your art pictures at once, prepaid, as per your offer above.

Name..
....
Address...
....

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

35 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Saturday
—BY—
W. D. BOYCE CO.

All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
112, 114 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 60 cents for six months, in advance. If not paid in advance, $2.00 a year, $1.00 for six months. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. One dollar must be added to all foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising rate $1.60 per Agate Line per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade.

Entered at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, as second-class matter.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
—AND—
THE SATURDAY BLADE
Average More Than
750,000
COPIES WEEKLY
PROVED CIRCULATION.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

It is easier to be a fictitious hero than the real thing.

Be careful; that's the next best thing to being good.

To begin a college course is usually a hazy undertaking.

Beware of the mining stocks lying around on the ground floor.

A kiss on the cheek may not be as cheeky as a kiss on the lips.

Work is a great institution—when we can induce others to do it.

Some men consider not getting caught a better policy than honesty.

Even the proprietor of a canning factory sometimes says: "I can not."

Few photographers would care to take people for what they are worth.

Wise is the man who realizes that it is better to forgive than to be licked.

Money makes the mare go—but she doesn't always travel in the right direction.

Nothing short of a full-grown earthquake could jolt a political grafter loose from his job.

There is apt to be a rattling old time when the family skeleton escapes from its closet.

Perhaps the new woman is a failure because there is no new man to play second fiddle.

It isn't difficult to form a fairly good idea of what people think of you by what they say of others.

People applaud the villain on the stage for things they would have him arrested for doing in real life.

Once in a great while we meet a woman who is as proud of her husband as she is of her husband's wife.

Putting up the price of its product continues to be the favorite recreation of the Standard Oil Company.

Paris is in danger if a bread famine. Nothing could be more dreadful to a Parisian except a wine famine.

You may have observed that a girl never misses an opportunity to rush up and kiss another girl if a certain young man happens to be looking.

Still, a modest man might not care to be Roosevelt's immediate successor in the White House for fear the public would notice the difference.

That Pittsburg millionaire who committed suicide in an opera box furnishes further evidence that missionaries ought to be hurried to darkest Pennsylvania.

Now that the United States Government is busy sampling different kinds of whisky, strictly in the line of its duty, a few vagaries on its part will be fully accounted for.

The Unwritten Law.

(Continued from page three.

All this passed through Weston's brain with the rapidity of lightning. He could think fast, indeed his brain seemed abnormally active and not only the present but the past, his own past, came back to him with absorbing power.

What would Kitty do if he were slain by the hands of the Puma League? He had promised her that she could look to him for the avenging of Kendall Gray, but now—he dared not think of the present. He could only curse his ill-luck and wonder, even while he was being carried off, what would be the doom of the victim of the Black Puma.

Seconds seemed hours to Weston.

After awhile he came to himself where it was dark, as dark as the tombs of Egypt.

He was lying on a bare floor that was cold and rough. The stones were little better than flags and he drew back as his searching hands met with a strange ooze that chilled him to the bones.

Was he to become the victim of the pumas again? They would not spare him this time. He would never see the sunlight upon the ocean nor hear again the voice of Kendall Gray's love, a voice which he had learned to like.

At last Weston rose and circumnavigated his prison. It was not large, a circular place with walls of stone as far up as he could reach, and not a ray of light came to show him how deep he was in the black bowels of the earth.

He listened for any sound that might penetrate his subterranean prison house and tell him where he was. He listened at the wall and held his breath in his eagerness, but the walls were either dead ones or he was so far beneath the surface that no sound could reach him from the upper world.

Weston desisted at last. There was no use losing his strength in a vain endeavor to sound the height of his prison, therefore he went back to the pallet of damp straw he had found and threw himself upon it.

He dropped at last into a deep slumber, which must have lasted a long time, for when he woke he rubbed his eyes and looked up at a light that hung above his head and showered its power upon him and his cell.

The ceiling of the prison he could not make out, it seemed so far above him.

The light appeared to emanate from a lantern that had no perceptible movement but seemed stationary overhead. Weston gazed at it for some time and tried to calculate how it had been placed there.

"This is another den of the Black Puma," he thought. "I am the doomed victim of its terror and now I am to perish here without mercy, and the ends of justice will be defeated at home."

The thought maddened Weston. He saw himself a rotten mass in the unknown prison, and the principals of the tragedy of the Othello Gardens feted and smiled upon in the city of his birth.

This thought nearly drove him mad. He gazed up at the light and ground his teeth in helpless rage, but nothing could beat down the terrible doom that threatened.

Did La Death know of the dungeons of the Puma? Did the girl know of the workings of the dread League headed by Manuel Campo, and when he was missed would she know what might have become of him and set about to balk the cabal?

These were mere speculations. They gave Weston hope for a moment, but it fled almost at the next breath, and he fell back against the wall again and stared at the light that mocked him overhead.

The hours passed. Hunger took possession of him and he grew thirsty, cooped up in that devil's pit. All the time the light winked at him and mocked his despair.

All at once Weston thought he detected something at one side of the light.

At first he could not make it out for it seemed the figment of a dream, but the longer he looked the more satisfied he became that he was not mistaken.

The object was not large. It seemed no bigger than a hand, and as it seemed to remain stationary, he wondered what it was.

Just then the object moved. It shifted a little to the right, not rapidly, and then back again.

In another moment it seemed to have dropped lower, and all at once Weston uttered a cry that seemed to emanate from a heart chilled by an unknown terror.

Ah, he knew what the object was now. There was no mistaking the disgusting head and the beady eyes that glittered in it. It was the head of the crawling terror of the Brazilian forest. It was the king anaconda, that terrible serpent that can crush out human life by the mere contracting of its enormous folds!

Weston seemed fascinated by the movements of the serpent as it lowered itself through the opening. It made no noise It came down with the certainty of doom, and the young American, riveted as it were to the spot, could only look up and calculate, as his brain whirled, how long it would take the snake to get through and drop at his feet.

And he was unarmed. His foes had not sent him to the cell of death with any weapon at his command.

He had had his revolver with him in his battle with the pumas, but now even that consolation had been removed and he was helpless and at the mercy of the greatest monster that inhabits the tropics.

Slowly and with exasperating cleverness the snake lowered itself.

The light revealed the glittering scales, and Weston saw that they shone like little plates of burnished armor But there was death in that beauty, death in the folds that looked so dazzling, death not in the teeth of the reptile, but in its embrace.

The young American stepped to the further side of the cell and continued to look upward.

Slowly the body of the huge serpent dropped lower and lower.

The eyes glittered anew, the scales seemed to become iridescent and the ugly head swayed from side to side as if seeking out its victim.

And Quincy Weston, like a rat in a trap, waited for his end.

CHAPTER XIX.

BEAUTY TO THE RESCUE.

There was one thing Weston did not know, one thing he did not see.

He did not know that when he left Kitty's apartments he had a gliding figure at his heels. Had he looked back, which he did not, he might not have seen this specter which had a tread as noiseless as that of the puma, and which kept in the deeper shadows lest Weston should single it out.

The spy at the young American's heels was La Death, or the Reptile of the Amazon, as she most loved to call herself.

She was near when the young man was overpowered by the embracing arms in the shadow of the building, but she did not deign to offer assistance.

La Death followed Weston's captors till they vanished with their burden in a house which she knew too well. She kept aloof and watched them from a distance and at last disappeared.

Time came when the girl came back to this house. She knew the way; in fact, she knew all the intricacies of the South American city and nothing could lose her within its gates.

La Death effected an entrance into the house by means which were secret in themselves and which she knew so well how to employ, but Weston had been some time inside its walls.

She was armed. Like the beauties of her race, she carried a dagger whose point and edge were keen and sharp and which, when wielded by a determined hand, would play havoc with flesh and sinew.

It was a strange little house that, not far from one of the public gardens, and shaded by trees that even in the daytime gave it a half repulsive appearance.

La Death found it silent and dark. But this did not deter her for she went from room to room, and, at last lifting a trap in the middle of a floor, peered about with her sharp eyes.

What had brought La Death to this house unless she was determined to save Weston, the American, from the death of the Puma?

For a little time she looked around her and then ventured across the chamber.

It was a place with a stone floor, and as she advanced she caught the glimmer of a half-hidden light, and this revealed something ahead that brought her to a halt.

Almost at the same moment the girl's foot came in contact with something on the floor and she uttered a little cry which she could not keep back. It was something that yielded and which moved with a squirming motion as she backed off.

La Death now for the first time needed more light, and this she produced with a lucifer which she drew across the cold wall at her elbow.

Holding the little flame ahead of her she leaned forward and looked, gazing along the floor of the cell-like place.

Yes, it was there, the object she could have named even in the dark.

But it was only half a snake, the other half with the hideous head seemed to be beyond the wall.

La Death knew that the anaconda was dropping into the circular prison beneath the room, that in that cell was the American who was again in the hands of the Black Puma.

The great body of the snake lay partly on the floor, the other half was not be seen. La Death went nearer, her sparkling eyes took in the sight which told her so much, and she drew the dagger from its place of concealment.

With her hand wound round the substantial hilt she crept forward, her eyes riveted upon the serpent and her feet deftly avoiding its folds.

"He is down there," she said hardly above her breath. "They have los Americano in their power again, and this time it is the embrace of the Amazonian beauty not the fangs of the cats."

The glow that came up from the dropped light in the prison enabled La Death to see the full length of the serpent, or at least that much of it that had not ventured into the opening.

She calculated that the reptile would soon be ready to drop into the cell below, and with this thought in her mind she did not hesitate.

With the spring of the native cat of her forest home the girl was upon the huge bulk on the floor.

She laid one hand upon it where it met the sill of the opening, then, summoning all her strength and with a prayer to the Virgin, she drove the blade home again and again, struck with all the vengeance her soul was capable of harboring, and that was much, and she felt the bulk give, twist as the keen-pointed knife found its vitals.

Not a cry broke the silence of that fight in the half-dark.

The huge reptile writhed, and perhaps Weston, if he were not already dead from fright, could witness the death agonies of his destroyer.

The body of the snake tried in vain to enwrap La Death in its folds. But the agile girl who knew the tactics of the anaconda avoided its efforts and struck with all her might as her prayers moved her pious lips.

At last the serpent grew still.

It stretched across the floor almost to the opposite wall, its huge bulk looking terrible in the faint light and with its blood crimsoning the stones at the girl's feet.

She drew off and looked at her work.

Half of the serpent hung in the abyss and she could imagine the mind of the man at the bottom.

La Death wiped the dagger and drew back. Her deed was accomplished to a degree, but Weston still remained in the trap of the Black Puma.

Suddenly La Death bounded from the room. She turned up in another and tried a little door, set in the wall of stone.

Her hands tugged at the iron ring there till the veins stood out like whipcords, but the portal would not yield. Beyond that door was Weston, the American!

La Death fell back at last almost out of breath, and what little she had left came in gasps as her bosom rose and fell in the excitement of the moment.

Just then she heard a noise that startled her into new life, and she retreated across the room and watched the door by which she had entered.

When it opened La Death uttered a little cry.

An old hag, dried up like a mummy, but with eyes that shone like carbuncles, halted the moment the light of her lantern fell upon the girl across the room.

"You?" cried the hag. "You, La Death? You anathema! You are the traitress of the Puma! You—you—" And she thrust her light into the very face of the beautiful Amazonian.

La Death drew back a little more and found the handle of her dagger.

Old Inez ground her discolored teeth and flashed all the baleful light of her orbs at the frail but determined one not ten steps away.

"You? You?" she repeated. "What do you here?"

"Open yon door!" commanded La Death who knew that, since she had been discovered in that chamber, her mission was known. "Open the little door that leads to the cell of death!"

Old Inez merely laughed.

"You will not?" cried the girl. "You will obey your masters? I will force you."

"You, babe?" sneered the old woman. "You're but a suckling, and besides the snake has ere this finished the Americano."

"It is false. The snake is dead!"

Old Inez heard these words with a gasp.

"Dead? And who did the deed?"

"I killed the snake. Now will you open the door?"

"Not for you!"

The hag would have fled from the room, but La Death was too quick for her.

In another moment she seized the woman's arm and pulled her back.

There was a struggle and the lantern rolled across the room. Inez was strong despite her age and La Death found in her no timorous adversary.

But the girl won.

Her eager hands throttled Inez till her grip relaxed and she fell off like one dead.

The Reptile of the Amazon found a key about the hag's person and sprang to the little door.

The key grated in the lock which had not been opened for an age and she pulled it open. Holding the light above her head, she peered forward. One look seemed enough, for on the floor of the circular prison were the huge folds of the anaconda and imprisoned within them was a human form that lay still. La Death looked up. The wall was clear and she suspected that the snake had dropped into the cell and in his death agonies finished the work of the Black Puma.

CHAPTER XX.

A FRUITLESS MISSION.

"You haven't found her yet?"

"No. She must be in league with the powers of evil. I have searched all her old haunts and she is not there."

"Caramba! She must be found, this creature of the forest. We must not cease till we have found her and the American she saved from the anaconda."

"I know not where to look."

Colonel Manuel Campo, the handsome officer of the Brazilian army, looked at the man to whom he had spoken and then ground his teeth.

"To be beaten by this girl," said he in the worst of humors. "It almost stamps the Order a failure. The girl has hidden him somewhere and covered her trail."

"That is it. The American girl——"

"I have thought of her," said Campo with a smile. "They have met, La Death and the fair American, but the American is as secretive as she can be, and so far I have been totally at sea. But we must find Weston; we must find him soon."

Tara looked at his master, but did not speak.

"It is this way," Campo went on at last. "Should Weston leave the city he is liable to turn up in the Northern land, just when he is not wanted."

"I understand, senor."

"I'll admit that your ears and eyes are sharp, but I don't think you understand."

"I can read, Senor Colonel."

"Perhaps you can, then you may know that one of our beloved Order is in dire straits. The appearance of Senor Weston may blight her life and put a sudden unexpected end to a trial that is convulsing the United States. With him out of the way, and after we sent him to the Cell of the Serpent, I wrote the fair senorita that he would not come back to trouble her."

Tara's eyes twinkled.

"You see in what predicament we are at this moment,' continued Campo. "It is a most embarrassing situation I will try to pump the American girl again, but I fear without results."

The couple parted, and Colonel Campo went his way.

Half an hour later he found himself at Kitty Burton's door.

The fair girl started when she looked into the darkly handsome face of the officer, but did not refuse him admittance.

Colonel Campo came in and doffed his hat, while he bowed in the middle of the room.

It sank into Kitty's soul that this man had come for a purpose, and she watched his countenance for a sign of his errand.

After the exchange of a few commonplace

pleasantries the Brazilian said suddenly: "By the way, what has become of your friend La Death?"

Kitty did not start.

"She has not called of late. It is possible that she has gone back to Arratao."

Arratao was a little inland town where La Death was born, and her heart still clung to it with all the love of her young years.

"Did she mention that she might go thither?"

"She spoke very sweetly about it when last here."

Kitty felt that the man was looking her through, that his keen eyes were fastened upon her with all the scrutiny and suspicion they were capable of harboring.

"You know that La Death's health is not good," continued the American girl.

"She has been that way from a child, but she is as supple as a young puma."

"Yet——"

"A truce to this!" broke in the officer. "You are in league with this native girl. You know where she is."

Kitty drew off a pace and looked straight into the dark eyes of the man before her

"You must have some regard for the word of a woman," she began, when the hand of Colonel Campo came up commanding silence.

"For the word of some women I have the greatest regard, but when they stoop to deception and lying——"

SUPREMACY OF THE Racycle

THE EASIEST running wheel made, the Racycle has 27.9% *less* pressure on the bearings than any ordinary Bicycle. Our pamphlet—"THE THREE REASONS"—contains a complete solution of this *Power-Problem* so interesting to cyclists. **Send for it, and** if you can prove the figures wrong,

We Will Pay You $1,000

Merchants National Bank
Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co.

With *least* energy you can travel *farther* on a Racycle than on any other bicycle. It's all in the Crank Hanger.

GRAND PRIZE GIVEN BICYCLES ST. LOUIS 1904

We make no Cheap Racycles, but YOU can get yours cheap by securing us an agent.

Beautiful 1907 Catalog and "THE THREE REASONS" sent for 2-cent stamp—*sent free*—if you mention this publication.

The Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co.
Middletown, Ohio, U.S.A.

MONEY Made quickly by smart men, F. Gemco, 117 Nassau St., N.Y.

FASCINATING MONEY MAKING

Anyone can make pictures any size from any photo in oil or water colors chemically. No talent required. Send Stamp. W. VALLANCE CO., Elkhart, Ind.

SOMETHING NEW That great illustrated monthly home magazine of stories, literature, departments and social clubs; 50c yer year. THREE MONTHS' TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION ONLY 10 CENTS. Address Something New Pub. Co., Palacios, Texas

THE "RETROSCOPE" latest novelty, see what others do without their knowing. Lots of fun. To introduce our goods, will send one and catalogue latest novelties for only 10c. in stamps. B. W. Hall Co., Bx. 1593, Philadelphia

LEARN VETERINARY DENTISTRY and make $2000 a year. We teach you at home in three months of your spare time by illustrated lectures and grant diploma with degree. Particulars free. The Detroit Veterinary Dental College, Detroit, Mich.

VENTRILOQUISM

Learned by any Man or Boy at Home. Small cost. Send today 2-cent stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. SMITH, ROOM 339—2040 KNOXVILLE AVE., PEORIA, ILL.

NO HAIR NO PAY.

We guarantee to grow hair on the baldest head without reference to cause of baldness or length of time bald. Enclose stamp—particulars free.
E. B. JACKSON & COMPANY,
Dept. 58, Kalamazoo, Mich.

$50.00 IN CASH

AMPEL
IPEN
WLAUTN
PSRCUE

free. Can you arrange the letters in these four groups so as to spell the names of four trees? Use only the letters here given. The following cash prizes will be paid for the neatest answers. First prize $25, 2nd prize $10, 3rd prize $5, and ten prizes of $1 each to the senders of the next 10 best solutions. Send no money with your answer. This is a free contest for advertising purposes. You dont have to buy anything.
S. R. CO., 1230 Arch St., Phila, Pa.

$5.00 DRESSES ANY MAN

FREE TRIAL OFFER

I WILL give you my splendid outfit on a 60-day free trial entirely at my own risk, providing you are the first from your locality to accept my generous offer. I have always sold these splendid Outfits to dealers, but this season, commencing with this very day, I have made up my mind to sell direct to the wearer and save every man the enormous profit that has always gone into the pocket of the dealer. To make my new plan a success right from the start I decided to place with one reliable person in each community my complete outfit for $5.00 and not one cent more.

This is my stylish ten-piece Outfit — 1 Stylishly tailored suit, 1 President dress shirt, 1 King Edward cap, 1 pair Empire suspenders, 1 pair mend-proof hose, 1 Chesterfield tie, 3 fine handkerchiefs, 1 set gold buttons.

To be safe in securing this offer send at once for tape, order blank, etc., for I can give to but one in a locality at this advertising price.

HON. ALTON ✦. MILLS, President
CANADA MILLS CO., Dept. 8B GREENVILLE, MICH.

She turned away from him with a sneer and her American blood became a lava current in her veins.

"You are one of those creatures who deserve no regard from the opposite sex!" he hissed, as he crossed the room and stood over her, fire in the depths of his eyes and the latent passions of his heart aroused. "You are playing with me. You are in league with this girl from Arratao; you are helping her baffle me——"

"And pray what are you about that my friendship for this poor girl should baffle your designs?"

Kitty had wheeled and was looking the man squarely in the face, not a sign of fear in her eyes and her mien as calm as the ripples in the sunlight on the bay.

"You know," cried Colonel Campo. "You have shielded this girl. You are now keeping the secret of her hiding place and you will not let us take vengeance for her treachery."

"And what is La Death's treachery, pray?"

He hesitated, that man in the presence of the slight girl who faced him in the soft light of the little room.

"What has she done that she must be hunted down like a wild beast?"

"Enough! You cannot understand——"

"You mean that I cannot understand the vengeance of the Black Puma? Is that it, Colonel Campo?"

He gasped a little over Kitty's coolness, and let his gaze drop to the floor, but in an instant his eyes were lifted to her again. There was a dangerous green in their depths.

"See here, senorita," he said and his voice was low but baleful. "You are in a strange land. You are here because one who is dead had you remain that he might make love to you. This insulter of women——"

"It is false! It is as black a lie as the heart that coins it. Kendall Gray never thought of traducing woman. His heart was as pure as a child's. And the creature in the United States who encompassed his death with her lie—and may God forgive her—knew in her heart when the weapon spoke that she had killed an innocent man."

The smile that came to Colonel Campo's lips was an insult to the girl who stood before him.

"We are not here to argue the character of the dead, though the opinion of his people is that he received his deserts. We are here to find the girl from Arratao. You know where she hides. You——"

"If I knew do you think for a moment that I would betray her?" interrupted Kitty. "Think you that I would betray La Death into the hands of the Black Puma? You gave the girl the ineffaceable mark of your infamous order and you shall not find her through me."

The words were calmly uttered and Kitty felt all her courage and strength at her command.

"You will not tell? You will brave the vengeance of the Black Puma?"

"Yes. I will not betray La Death."

Manuel Campo whirled on his heel and spoke not again till he had reached the door. There he paused and looked daggers at the girl who stood in the middle of the room.

"When you feel the fangs of the puma at your heartstrings——"

"Not even then will I beg for mercy at your hands!"

He laughed and went down the stairs, and Kitty Burton, listening to his frenzied footsteps, heard him quit the house and caught a glimpse of his figure as it crossed the plaza.

She stood for a few moment alone in the little room and then sank into a chair.

"Betray the woman who, at the risk of her life, saved Quincy Weston?" she said aloud. "Never! Colonel Campo, the terror of Rio, reckoned without his host. When the hated fever is broken, and when he is out again, we will confront the Black Puma and not its power shall stay the hand of justice at home. They may acquit Hector Knight; they may save him by the hand of the 'unwritten law,' but, after all that, the hand of retribution shall play its part."

She ceased and went to the window, looking out over the water, and the night wind laden with the myriad perfumes of the tropic capital came and kissed her cheeks.

Ah, if she could have annihilated space and looked across the ocean's wide expanse her heart for a moment might have failed her, and she might have laughed at what she would have called a travesty of justice.

But Kitty Burton was sure of one thing—that vengeance at last overtakes the guilty.

This powerful story of love and treachery and vengeance will be continued in the next week's Ledger. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during the next year. Send in your subscription and you will find yourself repaid ten times over. Our splendid patterns and stereoscopes will be sent to you without cost. See announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

A Fatal Flirtation.

(Continued from page four.)

to leave at what mose people would have considered an unconscionably early hour.

"I am so sorry, dear," said the chaperon apologetically. "But poor Gladys has given her foot the slightest twist—nothing much, but it ought to be seen to as soon as possible. And of course it is dull for her, not to be able to dance. But it is very hard lines on you, for I suppose this sort of thing doesn't come in your way very often?"

"Indeed, I am ready to go! I—I have a headache," faltered Rose.

Gladys went to the carriage leaning on Serge's arm. He was so concerned to hear of her sprain, and so anxious to see her settled comfortably for the long drive, that she at least did not grudge the abrupt termination of the evening's enjoyment.

Serge had sent back the dog-cart, and was taking the footman's place on the box. He had vague suspicions as to Thomson's ability to resist the hospitality of the ducal servants' hall, for the man, though an old servant and an excellent coachman, had the all-too-common failing of his kind. However, tonight the man was perfectly sober, and Serge could give himself up to the enjoyment of his cigar and his thoughts, which had a tendency to concentrate themselves upon that scene in the conservatory.

The trio inside the carriage were equally silent. Mrs. Davy was soon asleep, and Gladys seemed inclined to follow her example, but Rose sat bolt upright, gazing with grave, unseeing eyes into the midsummer darkness. Sometimes she smiled, and sometimes she sighed, but on the whole the cloud that had risen between Serge and herself did not trouble her very seriously. She no longer fancied him in love with Miss Heatherton and she meant to explain her interview with Lord Edward at the first opportunity.

"I will tell him everything—everything," she repeated over and over again. "And then—I think—I shall ask him if he—" But at this point her thoughts grew misty and confused, and her head fell gently back against the cushion.

They seemed to have been moving on forever between the high hedges of the twisting country lanes, and the sound of the wheels was mingling harmoniously with Rose's half-waking dreams, when a startling interruption occurred.

Suddenly, without any previous warning, those on the box heard the rumble of an approaching traction engine, and almost before Thomson could tighten his reins the unwieldly thing loomed full upon them with all its added terrors of flame-tinged smoke and glowing furnace. The curve was so sharp and the lane so narrow that, even had the horses been superior to fear, a catastrophe was almost inevitable. Serge sprang down, but had not time to get to their heads; they plunged wildly backwards, tried to turn round, and finally precipitated the carriage into a ditch, kicking and plunging in a fresh access of terror at the confusion they had wrought.

By this time the engine had been brought to a standstill, and its attendants came running up to the scene of the accident. It was a work of considerable peril to extricate the ladies from their dangerous position, and their shrieks of terror added to the confusion.

"For Heaven's sake, be quiet!" cried Serge, as he dragged Gladys through the window and she clung to him, sobbing violently. "There, you're all right now!" he added, pushing her unceremoniously out of the way of the horse's feet.

Mrs. Davy came next. The broken glass had cut her forehead slightly, but she was otherwise unhurt. Rose did not wait to be lifted out. She twisted her long train over her arm and let herself down to the ground before Serge realized her intention.

"We are not hurt," she said quietly. "Can I do anything to help? I'm not a bit frightened."

One of the horses had injured itself in its struggles, and lay quietly enough; the men were cutting the traces and trying to soothe its terrified companion.

"Keep them out of the way—if you can!" muttered Serge, pointing towards Mrs. Davy and Gladys, who were clinging together and crying hysterically.

It seemed ages before the uninjured horse was released and struggled to its feet, subdued and trembling and quite amenable. Its companion was not much hurt, and a few minutes later they were led away by Thomson in the direction of an inn, a quarter of a mile away, whither a messenger had been already dispatched for assistance. It came at last, in the form of the landlord and ostler in a gig, in which the former undertook to drive two of the ladies back to the Hall, a distance of about a mile and a half.

"Sorry I can't take them all, sir," he said, "but we came off in a hurry without the back seat, and it's the most I can do to squeeze in two aside of me!"

"I will walk," volunteered Mrs. Davy, but she was still so unnerved that the proposition was promptly negatived, and Gladys admitted that her foot was so painful that she could scarcely rest it on the ground.

"Then I will bring Miss Maple," said Serge. "You can manage to walk?" he asked, turning to the girl.

"I'm not a bit tired," she replied demurely, and as there seemed no other possible solution to the difficulty Mrs. Davy was obliged to acquiesce.

The gig clattered away and was lost in the darkness, and the pedestrians began to follow in its wake. Rose instantly became conscious of her thin, high-heeled slippers. She limped bravely along for a little distance, but a stumble betrayed her, and Serge made her take his arm.

"It is too bad," he said with real vexation. "Your shoes will be cut to pieces and your pretty gown——"

"Did you really think it pretty?" she interrupted.

"Of course I did! There was no one to compare with—its wearer," he replied, stumbling so awkwardly over his compliment that she longed to burst out laughing.

"I—I fancied—" She hesitated.

"Yes?"

"I fancied somehow that you didn't admire—the gown, and that you were vexed with its wearer. And it was very tiresome of you to be vexed, because—because——"

"Rose!"

Serge had told himself that he must be very discreet. An explanation he would have, sooner or later, but it would be cowardly to take advantage of her present position. Rose, apparently, had no such scruples, she wanted to make her peace as soon as possible, and she knew that it behooved her to hold out the olive branch.

But when her companion's fingers tightened on her arm she was just a little frightened. Suppose he thought her unmaidenly? Suppose he had never noticed—or that she had imagined—Poor Rose had time for something very like a panic before he bent down and whispered:

"Rose!"

"Well?" she asked presently.

"You knew I was vexed? You guessed—"

"I knew you were—jealous," said Rose calmly. "So did Lord Edward, I presume. Poor Lord Edward! He had been married a year, and his wife is my greatest friend."

Serge received this statement in silence.

"I have no right to be jealous," he said at last. "But you know my secret, Rose, I love you!"

"They say you are going to marry Miss Heatherton," observed Rose. Whereupon Serge began to try to convince her of the absurdity of such an idea.

"Why, I have only known her four days!" he exclaimed.

"How long did it take you to fall in love with me?" she demanded.

"Four minutes—four seconds! It was love at first sight—and you know it!" protested Serge. "But even had I never seen you—which Heaven forbid!—I should never have fallen in love with Miss Heatherton, or, if I had done so, I should never have asked her to become my wife."

"Why not?" demanded Rose. But the answer, although not quite unexpected, made her start and shrink back.

"Miss Heatherton is an heiress," he replied, "and I am a poor man."

"Well, what has that to do with it? Lots of poor men marry rich girls."

"But I won't, and therein lies the difference. If I hadn't known you were poor, too, I should—well, I should have cared for you just the same, but you would never have guessed the fact. However, this is beside the mark. Rose—you do love me, don't you?"

"Perhaps I do—yes, I do!" she cried suddenly, flinging reserve to the winds. "And, what is more, it is you that I love, and not your worldly estate; so my love is more worth having than yours, and——"

"Why, Rose! Sweetheart! What is the matter?" exclaimed Serge, conscious that she was on the verge of tears.

"Nothing, nothing!" she replied, struggling with her sobs.

"You are so tired, my darling!" he said tenderly. "But, courage—we are nearly home."

"Take me back to the rectory!" she entreated. But he shook his head.

"Impossible, dear! It would be half a mile extra, and imagine the rector's dismay at being awakened between two and three in the morning!"

"It is beginning to get light already," said Rose. "Ah, do take me home—please, Serge!" She spoke the name with a blush and a smile that her companion guessed, but could not see. "You may come down tomorrow and talk to Uncle Robert. He will explain——"

She broke off, laughing nervously, and, much against his own wish, Serge acceded to her request.

The dawn was breaking as the rector, clad in a shabby old dressing gown, opened the front door to receive his niece and her attendant squire.

"I must be off home," said Serge, as he finished his hasty explanation. "I don't know what they will say to me when I appear without my charge."

"Oh, they will survive it!" said Rose, who managed to look wonderfully fresh and pretty in the gray twilight. Then, regardless of her uncle's astonished remonstrance, she ran after the young man as he turned away, and bade him stop.

"Promise me something," she said breathlessly. "Promise you'll tell them all—your brother and Mrs. Talbot—any one you like—about our being engaged before you come here tomorrow morning! I want them all to know—and tomorrow—today—I'll tell you why. Now promise me, Serge!"

He would have promised almost anything could he have kept her there, clinging to his arm.

"Of course, darling, if you wish it!" he said.

"Don't think me bold," she whispered, crimsoning perceptibly. "Make allowances tonight—you—you will understand tomorrow."

"Come in, Rose—come in!" cried her uncle.

"Yes, go," said Serge, still holding her hands, and then, stooping down, he kissed her uplifted face, and whispered, "Good-by, my sweetheart!"

"No, no—not good-by!" cried Rose.

An instant later she disappeared into the house, and Serge strode away, weary but light of heart.

(Continued next week.)

Instead of throwing stones people who live in glass houses should grow violets at a dollar a bunch.

BAD HEALTH and often DEATH is due to FALSE TEETH.

Le Reteneur
Le Reteneur Chemical Co.
New York

50% of the people of this country wear false teeth and only 5% of these are well and live long.

DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, INSOMNIA, PREMATURE OLD AGE, AND BAD TEMPER, in 99 cases out of 100 are due to False Teeth. People don't derive the pleasure and good from their food that they should. It goes into their stomach in an unprepared condition, and makes them irritable and unhappy. They become a burden to themselves and their families and friends. Le Reteneur, a fine French preparation, prevents all evils arising from False Teeth. It is a non-poisonous pleasant antiseptic and deodorizing preparation. It will make good health, and help you to be happy and live long. Young people soon grow old, after they begin to wear false teeth. They dry up and become wrinkled. Pimples begin to show. They cannot talk well owing to the self-consciousness that always accompanies False Teeth. The fear that they will fall down or out, plays havoc with the nerves. LE RETENEUR will prevent these troubles. It keeps your mouth sweet and clean, keeps your teeth in place, and make it possible for you to enjoy your meals same as though you had natural teeth. It is put up in a fine glass-stoppered bottle, suitable for any bureau or dressing table, each bottle contains enough for 300 treatments, and will last a long time, and will be the best investment you ever made. It saves Doctor Bills and makes life worth living. Cut this advertisement out, write your name and address plainly on the margin, and send it today to us with 10 cents and we will mail you prepaid, a FREE SAMPLE and full particulars. We want active agents in every city and town. We offer fine inducements.

LE RETENEUR CHEMICAL CO., A 1905 Park Ave., N. Y. City

TELLS HOW TO MIX IT

Gives a Simple Recipe for Boils, Sores and Pimples

Shake well in a bottle the following and take one teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime, viz.: Fluid Extract Dandelion one-half ounce, Compound Kargon one ounce, Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla three ounces.

These ingredients are harmless and can be obtained from any good pharmacy here at nominal cost.

This mixture is said to be a splendid Spring Tonic and Blood Cleanser, because of its gentle, though prompt, action in forcing the kidneys to filter and strain from the blood and cast out in the urine all acids, waste and micro-organisms which cause pimples, boils and eruptions and which often ruin a good complexion.

Now is the time to take it.

He Never Smiled Again.

"Really, Miss Primm, you ought to get married," remarked Wedderly. "You'll soon be in the spinster class if you don't hurry up and catch on."

"Oh, don't worry about me, Mr. Wedderly," replied Miss Primm. "If I were as easy to please as your wife I would have been married long ago."

JOKES AND

An Inquiring Mind.

Bangs—From the West, eh?

"Yes, sir; from Chicago."

Bangs—Ah! Indeed! I spent several months in Chicago. Been there long?

"Yes, sir. I am a member of the City Council."

Bangs—You don't say so? What street is your saloon on?

Meant the Same Thing.

"He called me an artistic liar."

"Why, I didn't hear him use any such language."

"Well, he didn't put it in just those words, but he said I had the making of a successful diplomat in me."

His Last Words.

The detective was fond of enumerating the good points in human nature. "At any rate, women are truthful," he said solemnly. "I had that fact impressed on me recently when a woman's husband disappeared, and I was called in to try and find him.

"He had been missing three days when I arrived. Of course, I first of all questioned his wife. The first thing I asked was:

" 'What were the last words your husband said to you before he disappeared?'

"She blushed deeply as she answered truthfully:

" 'His very last words were, "Oh, for goodness' sake, shut up!" ' "

Stage Fever.

A young matron, upon entering her nursery, found her youngest in tears.

"Why, what's the matter with Harry?" she asked the nurse.

"He's mad, mum," explained the nurse, "because I wouldn't let him go to the Simmonses', acrost the strate."

"And why wouldn't you let him go, Norah?"

"Because, mum, they're havin' charades, so he said, an' I wasn't sure whether he'd had thim or not."

Ruined.

Aye, one time I was very rich;
 I kept a racing stable;
The finest silver and cut glass
 Adorned my rosewood table;
I had a large palatial yacht
 With steam up at her dock;
It was my wife who ruined me,
 She called: "It's six o'clock!"

Paste.

The description of a wedding printed in a local newspaper concluded with the announcement: "The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, together with many other beautiful articles in cut glass."

Plumage.

Mr. McGuzzler—How much did that ostrich feather cost you?

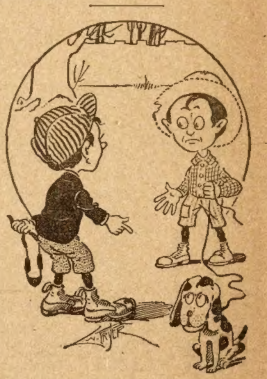
His Wife—About half as much as you spend for cocktails in one week.

Nena—He said he would die for me,
Gertie—He must be dead easy.

Safe at Home Now.

Little Fred's father had been away for several days, and every night he added a special appeal in his behalf to his prayer.

"Bless papa and take care of him while he is away," he added one night as usual, when he suddenly raised his head and listened. "Never mind about him now, Lord," concluded the little fellow, "I hear him downstairs."



"Wot did yer give fer de dog?"
"Nuthin'."
"Den you got stuck."

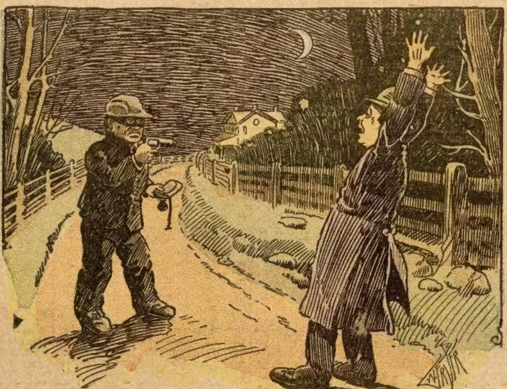
Taking N Chances.

In the Fifth avenue Sunday school:

Teacher—Why must we always be kind to the poor, Ethel?

Ethel (slightly mixed)—Because among the sundry and manifold changes of this wicked world we don't know how soon they may become rich.

Silence is a fine jewel for a woman, but it's little worn.



Hold-Up Man—So you do not think I am a common, ordinary robber?

Victim—No; you're too smooth in your manner. I think that you must at some time in your life have been a head waiter.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

AGENTS make big money selling our new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Easily put on. Write today for a free sample and full particulars. Address METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 71 N. Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

FISH BITE INSTANTLY

All seasons, if you use INDIAN FISH BAIT. Best bait ever invented. Full size box 500 baits sent postpaid 25c silver. Write for "Free Trial Offer" and Booklet "How to Catch More Fish," both sent Free. Agents wanted. W. C. Andrews, Box B, 1268, Muskogee, Ind. Ter.

Energetic Men Wanted

in every locality throughout the United States to advertise our goods, tacking up showcards on trees, fences and along roads; also distributing small advertising matter; commission or salary $83 per month and expenses $4 per day. Steady employment; no experience necessary. Write for particulars. Address WM. R. WARNER MEDICINE CO., London, Canada.

$61.50 WEEKLY INTRODUCING and selling A GASLIGHT BURNER FOR KEROSENE LAMPS.

Beautiful light, no chimney, durable, lasts for years. Fast seller, no risk, 300 per cent. profit. Experience not necessary. SAMPLES FREE. Beware of imitations. No branch offices. Address LUTHER MFG. CO. Dpt. 18 Cincinnati, O.

LADY CANVASSERS WANTED —FOR— Mdm. McCabe UNBREAKABLE SIDE and EXPANDING BACK CORSETS.

WELL known, easily sold. Active intelligent ladies can make from $25.00 to $40.00 per week. Many of our agents make more. Exclusive territory given. Address ST. LOUIS CORSET CO., St. Louis, Mo.

MAGIC BILL BOOK!

An entertaining and useful article. Can be used as any ordinary pocket book. Sample by mail 15c AGENTS WANTED

W. C. WATKINS & CO., Box 1505, Pittsburg, Pa.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

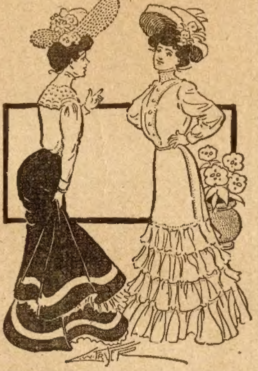
Queered.

Jack—Give me a kiss.

Eva—And what reason have you for wishing to kiss me?

Jack (embarrassed)—I had a reason, but I—er—have lost it.

Eva—Then you'd better go. I couldn't think of kissing a man who had lost his reason.



Dolly—I am sure he has loved before.

Daisy—Does he deny it?

Dolly—No; he doesn't mention love at all; that's why I think he has had previous experience.

The Difference.

The Tarpon—I wouldn't let anybody walk over me.

The Whitefish—You would if you were North during the winter, with twelve inches of ice on the surface.

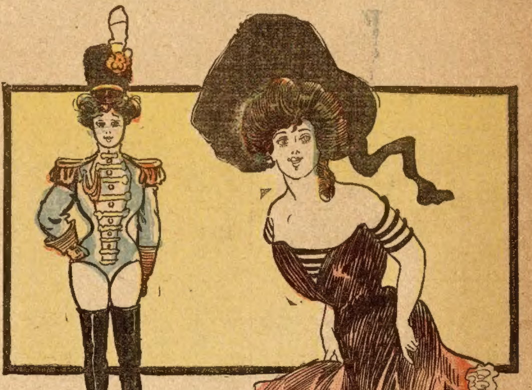
None to Imitate.

Mother—Now, Earlie, I want you to behave like a good little boy while in church.

Earlie—I can't. I don't know any good little boy!

Principally!

Many a man's principles are sound, in fact, nothing but sound.



Envious Chorus Girl—There's another cabbage for you, Marie.
Soubrette—Is that what you cauliflower?

JOLLITY

A Chance to be Kicked.

"Hang it!" growled young Lovett to the girl of his heart, "it makes me mad every time I think of that $10 I lost today. I certainly feel as if I'd like to have somebody kick me."

"By the way, Jack," said the dear girl dreamily, "don't you think you'd better speak to father this evening?"

A Dainty Little Maid

Every one ought to have her. She is dressed in pretty colors and changes the color of her skirt herself when it is going to rain. She indicates when it is wise to take an umbrella or when you can do without. She is the simplest and best of barometers. She is an ornament, a good seller for agents, a pretty gift, a good business souvenir and useful to any one. She or one of her sisters comes postpaid with full directions for only 10 cents. W. P. Randolph & Co., 78 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Fast Clocks

"Did you say that John D. Rockefeller's income is two dollars every time the clock ticks?"

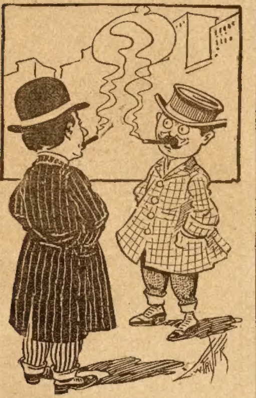
"Yes," answered the freak mathematician.

"I can't believe it. If it were true, the Standard Oil Company would have a clock trust, with every timepiece in the country running fast."

Ladies, Preserve Your Youthful Appearance.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.



"That trust magnate runs through a lot of money in the course of a year."

"Swims through it, you mean; it's mostly water."

Dead Fly Spoke.

A wrong note had occurred in the orchestra several times. The conductor in despair commenced an examination of the music of the respective instruments. On looking at the first violin copy he spied a dead fly on the music.

"You idiot!" he roared to the French violinist, "can't you see that is a fly on your music?"

"No matter," retorted the Frenchman, "he was there, and I played him."—Life.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhœa, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut South Bend, Indiana.

Clever Girl.

Miss Budd—I'm engaged to Mr. Meeker.

Miss Knox—Now, I am surprised. I thought he was so bashful that only an experienced widow would ever capture him.

A woman always expects you to remember her birthday, but she also expects you to forget her age.

Did His Best.

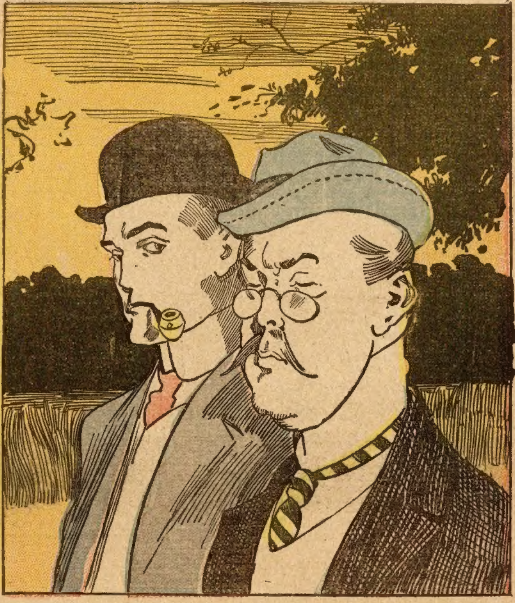
"Aren't you ashamed to be caught stealing a horse?" asked the stern judge of the crestfallen prisoner.

"I am, your honor; but, believe me, I watched around for several days and couldn't find a single automobile that wasn't watched."

All the Discomforts of Home.

He—So Belle and Tom are not going on a wedding trip, after all?

She—No; you see, the flat they've taken is so near the size of a Pullman car that they decided they could be just as comfortable without the extra bother of riding in one.



"Does your wife miss you when you are away?"
"She misses me when I am at home."
"What do you mean?"
"She can't throw a cup straight."

Credit of Profession.

"Here!" roared the old lawyer to his son, studying law with him; "you told me you had read this work on Evidence and yet the leaves are not cut."

"Used X-rays," yawned the versatile son; and the father chuckled with delight as he thought what a lawyer the boy would make.

Only One Change.

My lady love is perfect quite;
  Her hair is brown, her eyes the same,
Her disposition's sweet and bright;
  There's naught I'd change—except her name

Happy Days for Him.

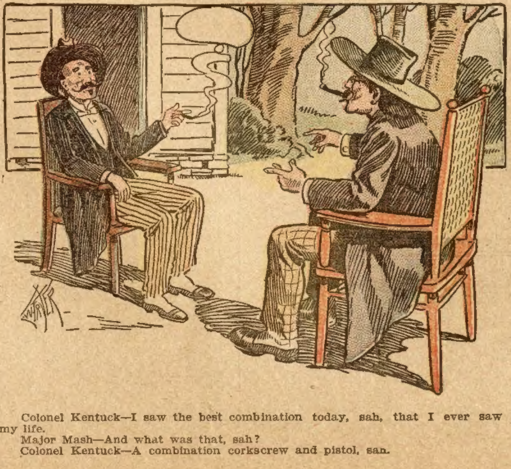
"Why does Reggy insist on walking round in the cold? I should think he'd catch his death."

"You see this is the first time he has ever succeeded in getting icicles to form on that puny mustache of his, and it makes him so proud that he simply can't stand it inside."

Horse Versus Donkey.

Cholly—I say, I've—aw—got a conundwum foh you. What is the—aw diffahence between me and a horse?

Dolly—The difference is probably in the length of your ears.



Colonel Kentuck—I saw the best combination today, sah, that I ever saw in my life.

Major Mash—And what was that, sah?

Colonel Kentuck—A combination corkscrew and pistol, sah.

AGENTS WANTED

Nearly all the readers of THE LEDGER will find these advertisements of interest to them. There will be found among them some excellent chances of making money by selling goods to friends, neighbors and others. Those seeking such an opportunity either as a regular or temporary occupation, should write the advertisers whose offers follow.

Worth Knowing!

Most spring medicines consist of herbs, a little a hol and enough water to fill a big bottle. Cost 15c to manufacture. Generally costs you $1.00 a Botanic Blood Purifying Tea makes four bottl spring medicine, costs 25c, gives better results than most, because it is made fresh each time you use it. It is the foundation of spring tonics. It PURIFIES THE BLOOD and is a household remedy for CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, and diseases arising from inactivity of the LIVER AND KIDNEYS. YOU SAVE ABOUT $3.75 and get better results. Your druggist can get it for you, or we will send it postpaid for 25c. We want good agents. Catalog of General Merchandise FREE.

LILLY BROTHERS,
Drug Dept. S, 423 W. 12th St., Chicago, Ill.

ANTI-FRECKLE CREAM. Sample free. Sure cure. Agents wanted. W. P. HALLOCK, HARRISBURG, ILL.

AGENTS wanted to sell $1 box Native Herbs for 35c. Write P. C. MELROSE, COLUMBUS, Ohio

$8 Paid Per 100 for Distributing Samples of Washing fluid. Send 6c. stamp. A. W. SCOTT, COHOES, N.Y.

LEARN to make Mirrors and make big money at home Partic. for stamp. MacMasters, D36, Peru, Ind

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Celebrated Morris TRANSPARENT HANDLE POCKET KNIVES. Write for Terms. Morris Cutlery Co., P.O. Box A, Morris, Ill

MAN WANTED in each county to sell wire Fish Traps on halves. Price $2. Try it Bro. HENRY CROWSON, ATLANTA, TEX.

$25 PER WEEK AND TRAVELING EXPENses paid salesmen to sell goods to dealers, experience unnecessary. PURITY D. C. CO., Chicago

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. HERBENE AGENCY Co., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

SELL JEWELRY on time, to country merchants. Our salesmen make $500 every month. Write for proposition to a few good men. Address G. BARTON, Sales Mgr., Box L 97, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290—80 W. Adams St., Chicago.

SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS. Locally or traveling. Salary or commission Full time or side line. Steady work. Good pay. Promotion. Address MOROTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box Q 18, DANVILLE, VA.

$100 A MONTH and traveling expenses paid men to place Pepto-Protein (for stock and poultry) with dealers. Experience unnecessary. *Expenses advanced.* A. DAREL CO., PARSONS, Kansas.

AGENTS—both sexes—get busy! Our new Stereographs, Wedding Set, Jamaica Earthquake, etc., sell at sight. Big profit. Get in before territories are worked. Art Importing Co., 625 Omaha Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

NEW RUBBERGRIP Kerosene Burner. Fits any lamp. Increases light 25%. Chimneys can't break or fall off. Saves its cost in chimneys. Agents make $25 week. Sample postpaid 25c. Rubbergrip Burner Co., 74 C Park Place, New York

$1.00 GIVEN We will send you 20 packages perfume, sell them at 10c. each, send us $1.00 and keep $1.00 for your trouble. We trust you. A. B. WADE, DEPT. 21, ELKHART, IND.

WANTED Lubricating Oil Agents; good, honest, reliable men to sell our high-grade Lubricating Oils, Greases, etc.; also, Barn, Roof and House Paints, on Commission; either side line or full time. Add's Allen Tibbitt, Manager, The Reliable Oil and Paint Co., Cleveland, O.

AGENTS, $103.50 PER MONTH selling wonderful selfsharpening patented scissors and cutlery. V. E. Giebner, Columbus, O., sold 22 pairs in three hours, made $13, you can do it. We show how. Free outfit. B. THOMAS MFG. CO., 13 Y. Street, DAYTON, Ohio

WANTED YOUNG MEN
BRAKEMAN, FIREMAN, ELECTRIC MOTORMAN, PORTERS. Experience unnecessary. Name position; 100 positions open. Inter. Railway Inst., Dept. A, Indianapolis, Ind.

$4 A DAY PROFIT
during spare time selling Stewart's Iron Fence; for residences, churches, cemeteries, etc. Experience not necessary. No capital required. One agent wanted in every locality. Write for particulars. The Stewart Iron Works Co., Dept. J Cincinnati, Ohio.

Fish Will Bite Like hungry wolves all the season if you use Magic Fish Lure. Best fish bait ever invented. You catch a big string of fish every time you go fishing. Write today and get a box to help introduce it. Agents Wanted. J.F.Gregory, 3319 Oregon Ave., St. Louis, Mo

THE BEST OF STEEL 8 TOOLS IN ONE
AGENTS WANTED QUICK
FARMERS STAND BY 8 TOOLS IN ONE
Hammer
Hatchet
Screw Driver
Staple Puller
Nail Claw
Wire Cutter
Leather Punch
Pinchers
Every Farmer Wants One at Sight
One of our agents says he will make $1500 next year. We believe he can. This is the best seller we ever saw. Write for SPECIAL OFFER and plan to AGENTS. Make money now. J. B. Foote (Dept. 515) Fdry. Co. Fredericktown, O
The Great Agents Supply House.
[NOTE—We have used the "Eight tools in one" outfit and find it as represented. This advertiser is reliable.—ED.]

LOTS of MAIL

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? If so, read this advertisement very carefully. You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an Agent's Directory List containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. The cost of arranging these names in suitable shape and taking care of them is considerable yet we only ask 10 cents in silver for our trouble. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. Simply enclose 10 cents with your name and address as above stated saying you wish your name inserted in our Agent's Directory List and we will insert it in the next Directory which we are now preparing

AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, INDIANA, Indiana County, PENNA.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

DUPES OF DESTINY.

By WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

Author of "A Round Trip to the Year 2000," "Adrift in the Unknown," "Marooned in 1492," "A Gift from Mars," "The Eighth Wonder," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

BACK TO THE PALACE.

Our restive glimgazzets were straining at their halters. We untied them with trembling hands, mounted and flew away.

Turning our startled eyes behind, we saw a sooty fog rolling out of the Factory windows.

"Will that horrible place be destroyed?" I gasped.

"No such luck," answered my companion. Then, as his fears subsided, exultation took their place. "You have seen, Nickerson," he went on, "what one small flask of bacilli Markhamani can do against a whole tankful of lupozinns—and the War lupozinns are the very worst of the lot."

The haze without had lifted, the mountain of radium was doing its best to imitate effulgent day, and the Imperial City sparkled below us.

"That is an awkward name for your improved germs, Professor," I remarked.

"It passes my name along with them to posterity," he returned sharply.

"Even so," said I, "yet for a germ that is bound to be popular with the masses, you have hit upon a most inappropriate title."

"What would you suggest?" he queried.

"I would popularize your new bacillus under the name of 'deracin'—from 'deracinate'—to pull up by the roots, to eradicate."

"Thereby making a poor noun out of a very fair verb."

"Deracin is the direct opposite of lupozinn; and deracins, as I suppose, are to eliminate lupozinns. Let your scientific name for the bacillus appear in the dictionaries, Professor, but give the masses something they can twist into daily speech without fracturing the organs of utterance."

"The matter shall have my consideration, Nickerson. But here we are at the palace again. I doubt whether your nerves are in any better condition since our visit to the Factory, but even if they are not, we can no longer delay. We must learn the worst concerning your friend Hapgood."

"Right you are, Professor. I have witnessed the power of the deracins and my confidence in them has mounted. We will beard this Mr. Zix in the very heart of the palace, if you give the word."

"We must have audience with the Queen, and Zix is always around when there is an audience."

"Very good."

Once more the palace guards came hastening toward us, and the Prime Minister was summoned. When he came he favored me with his demoniac smile, and the words:

"I trust you are enjoying this outing in the world of Chance, Mr. Nickerson? You have been more circumspect and, therefore, more fortunate than either Hapgood or Eames—although I must say Hapgood seems to have retrieved his fortune in some slight degree."

"How has he retrieved his fortune, Mr. Zix?" demanded the professor.

"He has won the gracious favor of Queen Atossa, and she offers him marriage," was the bland response.

"Unhappy man!" cried the professor, throwing up his hands. "He has not accepted?"

"Why not?" returned the Prime Minister severely. "It was either that or radium. Be careful how you condemn his choice, Professor, or I may think best to proceed against you for lese majesty."

Professor Markham bit his lips and smothered a retort.

"The object of your solicitude," continued Mr. Zix, "appears very well satisfied with the way the affair has turned out."

"Does he understand the—the conditions?" inquired the professor feebly.

"I am not here to debate the attendant circumstances but to announce the fact. Hapgood is having a try-out in the throne room, as Her Majesty wishes to discover whether he can acquire the necessary regal manner. Hapgood comes from a republic and the Queen is a little in doubt."

As Mr. Zix led us through a door and down flight after flight of stairs, the professor endeavored, although in vain, to secure a private word with me. There was no doubt in my mind but that Hapgood's unexpected luck—if luck it could be called—was the subject at his tongue's end.

Ushered by the Prime Minister, we came finally into an elaborate room whose walls were overlaid with silver tiles and set with vari-colored gems.

"Be seated, gentlemen," said the Prime Minister urbanely, "and I will discover whether Her Majesty is ready to receive you."

He left the professor and me alone together, and therein my companion found the chance for which he had been waiting.

"The worst that could possibly happen to your friend," said Professor Markham, "has come to pass."

"Is the Queen young?" I asked.

"She has never told her age, but I have it on good authority that she has ruled Zurma for a thousand years."

"Great Scott!" I gasped. "From what I have seen of Hapgood I believe he is a bit fastidious, and will balk at the proposal."

"But he has already accepted!"

"To save his life."

"Then he has gone the wrong way about to gain his ends. Have you forgotten how fatal this atmosphere is to aliens like ourselves? Hapgood will be Prince Consort for about two weeks; tnen he will die because of the radium."

The Prime Minister returned at that moment and beckoned us. Holding aside a heavy curtain, he waved us through an arched doorway.

A dazzling scene burst suddenly upon my startled eyes. The chamber in which we found ourselves was lofty and vaulted, gleaming with violet light admitted through stained mica windows. Jewels were scattered over walls and ceiling with lavish hand, and even the golden plates on which we trod were heavily encrusted with them.

I shielded my eyes for a space and gradually lowered my hands. Inured to the brilliancy, my sight began to disentangle certain objects from the blazing skein.

First there were guards, huge fellows, and one in particular who had lost an eye and had otherwise a menacing appearance. These guards, like the others I had seen, and like the warriors, were armed with the usual golden spheres.

Back of the guards on one side, was a group of ladies, craning their necks over the masculine shoulders in front for a good look, apparently, at me. The faces of these ladies were pale, and their tresses tawny—conditions which, I had already noticed, obtained among all Zurmans alike.

On the opposite side of the room, behind other guards, were a number of courtiers. Turning my gaze to the point where the two lines of guards and ladies and gentlemen converged, I beheld a double platform surmounted by a double canopy. Then I stared, rubbed my eyes, and stared again.

"Kneel!" prompted the professor in a whisper.

And I knelt—to the loveliest creature it has ever been my lot to look upon.

The inhabitants of Zurma, civilians, guards and warriors, were all clad in monotonous yellow, but Queen Atossa wore snowy white, clasped at her shoulder and waist with great, gleaming diamonds. Nor was her robe whiter than her exquisite face, her entire figure seeming as though cut from flawless marble.

She may have been more than a thousand years old, yet, if so, she held her age wonderfully, and did not look a day over twenty. Her scepter, which was lightly clasped and lay against her alabaster arm, was surmounted with a cube, set on one corner. The surfaces of the cube were covered with red rubies and numbered like a die.

After I had kotowed properly and lifted my head, my eyes swerved toward the other platform. There sat Hapgood, lounging in a chair and trying to look dignified in a white Mother Hubbard. His spiked Alpine shoes showed beneath the hem of the gown.

He wore a crown which looked like an inverted wash basin, and was tilted the veriest trifle over one eye. He gave me no welcome, but surveyed me coldly, took a cigar from somewhere about his person, nipped off the end and then lighted the weed at a small vase containing a pinch of radium.

I was bewildered. The professor and I, at some peril and inconvenience to ourselves, had come to negotiate for Hapgood's release. Hapgood's manner, therefore, took on the nature of an affront. Knowing him to be a genial gentleman, I was naturally not a little at sea.

His cigar also trouble me. Had he brought that with him from the outside?

I envied him the weed, and probably showed it. As though to pique me further, he began his smoking with a deliberation that was maddening.

Settling himself luxuriously, he tilted his crown to a still greater angle and flashed me a tantalizing look through the first graceful wreaths. And then two or three stray lupozinns got in their work.

The crown dropped, swept the cigar from Hapgood's lips and smashed it on the golden tiles at his feet. Hapgood's dignity was instantly impaired. Starting up, he kicked the crown to one side and caught up the useless fragments of tobacco.

The cigar must have been very dry, for it had all but gone to powder.

"Deuce take it!" Hapgood mourned. "I wouldn't have had that happen for a thousand dollars. It was the only cigar in the country and I had been saving it."

Then I burst into a laugh. I was not up in court etiquette, particularly, but I knew at once that that laugh was a mistake.

Hapgood glared, the professor plucked my sleeve and the guards swooped down upon me. The professor interceded in my behalf, however, and told Her Majesty that I was from a republic and therefore shy a few points on court behavior. At least I suppose he told her that, for he talked in Zurman and, when he was done, the Queen waved the guards back.

"It doesn't pay to get funny here," said Hapgood, scowling.

"Look here," said I indignantly, "aren't you glad to see one of your friends?"

"Can't say that I'm overwhelmed," he drawled.

"Haven't you any curiosity to learn what became of Eames?"

"Eames' fate doesn't concern me."

"We came here to rescue you," I persisted grimly. Haven't you even common civility for one who has been to so much trouble on your account?"

"Don't want to be rescued!" he snapped.

"That settles it," said I. "You deserve all that's in store for you, Hapgood. Come on, Professor," I added, bowing to the Queen and starting for the door.

"Wait!" exclaimed the professor. "You don't understand——"

"I understand that Hapgood's the limit; that's enough for me."

Although the professor had laid hands on my arm, so great was my disgust that I should have broken away from him had not three excited gentlemen come running into the room, showing even less decorum than I had manifested a moment before.

These gentlemen were the Directors, Messrs. Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos. Mr. Lachesis held the broken flask which had contained the deracins.

A perfect hubbub of excited voices greeted this unceremonious entrance of the gentlemen from the Factory. Zurman was a flexible language and the court ladies and courtiers bandied polysyllables back and forth until the air was fairly blue.

"Heavens!" I heard the professor groan, "I had no idea I had dropped the flask. These tunics are the worst things I ever saw for losing articles when you think you have them secure. I believe, Nickerson, it is just as well to act on your suggestion and leave. Perhaps we can make our escape during the confusion."

He turned and fled post-haste. I followed at a run. But we were seen by the one-eyed guard and Mr. Zix.

They endeavored to raise an alarm, but every one else in the room appeared to be wrapped up in what the Directors were endeavoring to tell them.

The professor and I slipped and slid through the anteroom, gained the first stairway and started up. There came a whizz, a flash and a smell of burning sulphur.

"Never touched me!" I shouted with a mocking laugh.

The Prime Minister was up to that thunderbolt dodge of his, but the bolts glided past me and past the professor as well.

"Do you observe?" panted the professor triumphantly. "We are fortified against such things. The bacilli Markhamani are——"

"Explain that later," I interrupted, pushing him onward. "We need our breath for something else just now."

We retraced our course up flight after flight, the metal stairs echoing frantically under our feet. Presently we regained the roof, but there our unlucky stars defied the deracins which the hypoderm had let loose in our veins.

Between us and our tugging glimgazzets stood the one-eyed guard and the Prime Minister. They had taken a short-cut to the roof, reached there ahead of us and were now plainly intending to hold us in check until more of the guards came up from below.

"We're in for it, Professor," said I as I pushed back my sleeves.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GARDEN OF MUMMIES.

I had no intention of allowing Mr. Zix and the guard to keep me away from the glimgazzets. I could be pugnacious on occasion, and this was one of the occasions.

Cockney Bill, a middleweight champion and an admirer of Gentleman Jim's taught me how to use my fists. So without more ado I sparred toward the two who obstructed our path.

"Wait!" cried the Prime Minister, raising his hand.

"We have no time to wait," I flung back. "Out of the way, or take the consequences." With that I swung for the pointed chin.

My blow was neatly dodged by Mr. Zix, but he cleared the way with alacrity. His

98 IS ALL YOU PAY US IN CASH

We have a National reputation for men's stylish $12.00 Suits. Your choice of all the latest fashionable Cloths, including this Spring's popular shadow checks. We use only the very best quality of linings, trimmings, etc.

We Pay All Express Charges

Write today for free samples and full particulars to

HENRY MORTIMER & CO.
Wholesale Clothiers
Desk J, Charles Place and Fifth Avenue, CHICAGO.

NEURALGIA. Positive, permanent cure $1. No cure no pay. Al. S. WAY, Springfield, Ohio

DETECTIVES Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality, to act under orders; no experience necessary. Write R. C. Webster, Indianapolis, Ind.

EVELYN NESBIT POST CARDS and 23 others, and our magazine, one year, 10 cents, AMERICAN STORIES, Dept. X. F., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

SEWERS. KITCHEN APRONS. Make highest wages. Material sent to door free of charge. Stamped envelope for particulars. L. P. Richards, 4506 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago

16 Funny, Catchy Post Cards FREE

All new subjects in many colors. Richest out, for private collections Complete set of 16 sent free if you will send us only 10 cents for subscription to our Post Card Bulletin, giving latest list of cards. Address Gibson Publishing Co., Dept. 12, 21 East 47th St., Chicago

12 CENTS Greatest value ever offered. It is All the Rage in New York. People are wearing this Ring on the same hand with diamonds. It is elegantly engraved by hand. One dozen $1.00. Hand engraved initials 3 cts. extra. Our 100 page catalogue with each order FREE GEM NOVELTY CO., 30 Elm St., PALMYRA, PA.

BIRD MANN IS THE SECRET preparation used by the Canary Breeders of the Hartz Mountains in Germany for curing all diseases of Cage Birds and restoring lost song. It acts like magic. 15c by druggist or by mail. Send for "Free Bird Book." Phila. Bird Food Co., 404 N. 3d Street, Phila, Pa.

PLUMP-U-LEAN!

A SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT to DEVELOP THE FORM, increase the WEIGHT, BUST, HIPS, LIMBS, and entire FIGURE. This treatment is guaranteed perfectly harmless, there is no exercise or physical development scheme connected with it. It has been successfully used for the past ten years. For particulars address

PLUMP-U-LEAN CO., Lock Box 454, Chicago, Ill.

FREE TO MEN

Dr. W. D. Rankin, New York's leading specialist in men's diseases, will send one week's treatment absolutely free to any one suffering from nervous debility, impaired vitality, or any disease peculiar to men.

Dr. Rankin does this to demonstrate his superior methods—the result of over 30 years of constant practice—feeling success must be the result and to give every sufferer an opportunity to test his treatment free of cost.

DR. W. D. RANKIN, Dept. 6, 136 West 34th St., New York.

TEDDY BEAR 14c

In order to advertise our business anyone sending us just 14 cents in stamps or silver will be sent, postage prepaid, this big muslin Teddy Bear, measuring 15 inches high. A perfect reproduction of a bear on muslin, with eyes, movable legs and arms, etc. Simply cut out as explained in our instructions and stuff with cotton batting or any material handy and you have a Teddy Bear which would cost you $1.00 or $2.00 in any store. With the bear we send 10 coupons which we will ask you to hand to 10 friends free. That is all we require you to do in taking advantage of this bargain. Bear sent at once upon receipt of 14 cents in stamps or silver. LADIES' BAZAAR (Inc.), Bear Dept. 18 60 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

$5.25

STEM WIND
STEM SET

20 Year Guarantee

THE ENGINE SPECIAL

Patterned after the 23 JEWELED ADJUSTED Railroad Watches

Elegant in appearance, and a perfect timekeeper as well. Locomotive on dial and works. Genuine ruby jewels in all important working parts. Fancy ornamental jewels, red ruby color, in gold settings, giving it the appearance of the genuine 23 jeweled adjusted R. R. watches that sell for $25 to $50. Solid Ore-Silver dust proof screw case, guaranteed 20 Years, both case and works. SEEING IS BELIEVING Mention this paper and send us your name, post office and express office address and we will send the watch to you by express for examination. You examine it at your express office & if as represented pay express agent our bargain sale price $5.25, & express charges and it is yours. R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Leather Watch Fob With Your Initial on it. 12 Cents —in— Stamps

Over 5 inches long.

The Fob is a little over 5 in. long, the strap ½ in. wide and the pendant 1¼ in. in diameter. It can be worn as a watch fob, chatelaine or belt ornament. You may have any initial you wish. We have sold hundreds of thousands of these fobs to boys, girls, men and women. They are suitable for old and young, for city and country wear. Fobs are strictly the style this year everywhere. We guarantee the fobs to be substantial, attractive and far better value than you can buy at any store even at double the price. We cheerfully send your money back if you are not perfectly satisfied. We offer these fobs so cheap merely as an advertisement. With every fob we send you a free copy of our illustrated magazine. Send us 12 cents in stamps; state the initial you want. Write name, address and initial plainly. Don't delay; write now—today—or you may forget it. STAR MONTHLY 133 Hunter St., OAK PARK, ILL.

face, as I could see, wore a mystified expression. His thunderbolts had been circumvented, and no doubt he was puzzled to account for it.

I was not relying much on the little professor in this piece of rowdyism. Judge of my surprise, then, when I heard a thwack from the left and saw the one-eyed guard doubled up with his hands on the pit of his stomach.

"Bravo, Professor!" I cried, bounding for the platform where our birds were roosting

"Hurrah for the bacilli Markhamani!" he cackled. "I never could have done it if it hadn't been for them."

On leaping to the platform, I found Mr. Zix there.

"Interfere with us at your peril!" I warned.

"Just one second," he cried. "What witchcraft is here, Professor Markham? How have you armed yourself and Nickerson against Chance. What means that disturbance in the Factory? What caused the destruction of the War lupo[illegible] In the name of Queen Atossa I demand an explanation!"

"Hang you and your demands!" I retorted.

"You shall not leave here until my questions are answered!"

"No?" I taunted. Then, since he would not leave my course clear, I picked him up [illegible] and crammed him into the mouth of the palace funnel. The one-eyed guard had recovered his wind sufficiently to give vent to a dismal howl. He ran forward, apparently with the desire to snatch the Prime Minister to safety, but he was not quick enough.

Mr. Zix was snapped up by the suction as a hawk [illegible] an inconsequential June bug. In the space of a breath the rogue had vanished—more malefic than any lupozinn that had ever traveled along the tube.

His fate did not give the professor or me much concern. What anxiety we had at our disposal we needed for ourselves.

Already we had delayed to a dangerous extent. Guards and courtiers were flocking to the roof and others were wheeling through the air on their glimgazzets.

As we fled from the Factory, so we now fled from the palace, but this time we had a pack of Zurmans behind us in full cry. The deracins, however, continued their beneficent work.

We had but little more than cleared the palace roof when blank darkness fell. Lanterns of radium skimmed star-like to rear of us, but they aided the professor and me more than they did our pursuers.

We were enabled to keep track of the Zurmans and to lay our course in a different direction. Finally the radium lights waned in the distance to a nebulous haze and a few moments later died out altogether.

"We're safe!" breathed the professor, flying side by side with me. "But where now, Nickerson?"

"Where?" I echoed. "Why, back to the Sphere of Gravitation. Where else?"

"And abandon Hapgood to his untimely fate?"

"Fiends take Hapgood! He has no claims on our consideration."

"Don't blame him, Nickerson. He is not accountable for what he did."

"Not accountable?"

"No. The radium is already beginning to take effect on him and has laid hold of his brain. Sometimes it happens in that way."

"Well, well," I murmured blankly, "I hadn't thought of that."

"I thought of it but had no chance to communicate with you."

"What's to be done? Of course we can't leave him if he's not mentally responsible. And yet I don't see how we two can accomplish anything against the whole of Zurma."

"Let us not forget that we are powerfully equipped in our work of rescue. You have had abundant evidence of that, Nickerson."

"But the whole kingdom is against us!"

"Even so, perhaps we may be able to devise a method to recover the person of your unfortunate friend. All that is necessary is for me to get close enough to use the hypoderm. Rescue must be brought about within the next few hours."

"Why?"

"Because, as I understand from a poster in Zurman, nailed to the foot of the throne, the Queen and Hapgood will be married in the eight hundred and thirty-first hour."

"Hapgood's manner didn't strike me as being brilliantly regal," I commented grimly.

"Nevertheless he is a fine looking fellow, and Queen Atossa is pleased with him. Didn't you see the poster?"

"Can't remember that I did."

"Well, it was there."

"What hour is this?"

A chime of bells from the far-off Imperial City struck on our ears.

"There you have it," said the professor. "The eight hundred and twenty-second hour is now beginning. It is impossible to reckon time in Zurma by the day and night divisions of our own world, so time is spaced into thousand-hour periods."

"I see," I returned. "We have nine hours left to us, nine hours in which to plot, execute, rest and refresh ourselves. I am tired out, Professor and hungry as well. No man can scheme successfully with a wearied body and an empty stomach."

"Alas!" said he in self-reproach, "I should have had the forethought to bring a supply of plang. But perhaps we can find some where we alight."

"Then we had better go down?"

"I think so," and he clucked to his bird and pointed it earthward.

That we were well out of the capital the peal of bells had informed us. The place where we alighted seemed to be filled with tall, slim boulders—at least I could not grope in any direction without encountering a queerly shaped obstacle of which the sense of touch could give me no tangible idea. To one of these I hitched my glimgazzet.

"Where are you, Professor?" I called.

"Here."

I groped toward the point from which his voice had come, but ran into something that encircled me as with clammy tentacles. I passed my hands over the object and felt arms, shoulders, a face.

Then light flashed out and flooded the scene and, involuntarily, a whoop of dismay escaped my lips. I was in the grip of a rigid, withered and hideous Zurman.

The Zurman was planted firmly with stiffened arms outstretched directly in front. I staggered back, free of the gruesome embrace but almost paralyzed by what I beheld.

All around us were other Zurmans, some kneeling, some reclining, some erect, but every one inert and rigid as a statue. Here and there a head was missing, or an arm, or some other member, as though the whole collection had been dug out of an ancient storehouse of art. My glimgazzet was hitched to a Winged Victory—minus the wings.

"In Heaven's name, Professor," I cried, "what sort of a place is this?"

"We have alighted," he answered, "in the 'Garden of Mummies.'"

"Garden! Merciful powers! You don't mean to say they call this a garden?"

"There are no other gardens in Zurma but these gardens of the dead. When the vital spark flees the body, in these regions, the peculiar conditions of the atmosphere turns the body to stone. So the dead are brought here and planted in the attitude the victim held when Death came."

The light faded and mercifully blotted out the scene. I seated myself on the ground at my companion's side. The grisly horrors by which we were surrounded drifted slowly from me, the voice of the professor, dwelling at length on this aspect of Zurman civilization, dwindled to a meaningless monotone, then died out utterly.

Just how long I slept I do not know, but it must have been several hours. I was awakened by a vigorous shaking.

"Nickerson!" hissed Professor Markham in a guarded whisper.

"What is it?" I demanded, starting to a sitting posture.

"Hist! not so loud. Look! Some one is coming."

I was but a moment in bridging the hiatus and picking up the chain of events where I had dropped it. Blank darkness still hemmed us in, but through it there came a glow-worm gleam as from a distant light.

The gleam twinkled as the bearer wove his way among the mummies, but slowly and steadily it drew in our direction.

"What do you think of it, Professor?" I whispered.

"Some one is looking for us," he answered. "If darkness continues to hold, however, we may be able to set upon the man and overpower him."

With this object in mind, we crouched and waited. When the searcher was within a dozen feet of us, the professor emitted a quick breath and plucked at my sleeve.

There was no need of words, and speech at that moment would have betrayed us. I had recognized the man, in the glow of the radium light, as quickly as the professor had done. It was Captain Yim!

When he had come close enough I sprang out in front of him and the professor behind.

"Are you after us, Captain?" I asked.

He started back, almost overturning the professor.

"Steady, Captain Yim!" cautioned my companion. "We do not intend to let you capture us. Yield, or take the result!"

"I am not here to capture you," stuttered the captain of the Tenth Glimgazzet Legion.

"Then what are you doing here?" I asked sharply.

"My life is forfeited, or will be soon," he answered with deep melancholy. "I have come to pick out a site for myself, after the blow falls."

"It seems to me, Captain Yim," said I, "that you are overparticular."

"I have a certain pride in securing a commanding situation. In life I was a captain; in death I should like to have it known I was one in authority. A trifling thing, no doubt, yet it means much to me. And you," he added bitterly, whirling upon the professor, "are responsible! If you had not insisted on holding Eames I would not now be brought to this pass."

Professor Markham did not at once reply. He was pondering.

"See here, Captain," he went on at last, "it is a long way from a sentence of death to its fulfilment."

"I know. But, while I may not be flung into the radium vat according to schedule, sooner or later the executioner will get me. The lupozinns can no more than postpone my fate—it will always be hanging over me."

"Suppose," returned the professor, "I could save you?"

"You? Save me?" The lamp shivered in Captain Yim's hand. "How could you do that?"

"I have a way, Captain."

"I know," mused the warrior, "that you are master of strange arts, and very powerful. Nevertheless, I have my doubts of your ability to help me."

"I can help you, and I will. Providing," the professor added, "you will help us."

"Ah!" was the grim response. "Then there's a string to your proposition?"

(Continued on page fourteen.)

A Mountain of Solid Gold and Silver

ALL NEVADA IS ON THE ROAD TO

WONDER

THE rush to Wonder is in full swing. By automobile, stage, horseback, on foot, any way to get there so long as it is quick, hundreds are flocking to this magic camp of the Desert. The roads to Wonder are swarming with humanity, mad in the scramble for wealth. The history of Tonopah, of Goldfield, of Bullfrog, and Manhattan is being repeated. Out there on the sands of the desert they are building a city of brick and stone, substantial, enduring, made possible by the richest mineralized district in the whole world.

We Were There Before the Rush.

I am glad we secured the **Nevada Greenback Wonder** before the outside world knew of Wonder. There are no such bonanzas left. Wonder properties are valued now at their real worth. They are bringing the price of proven mines. $750,000.00 was paid a few weeks ago for the controlling interest in one property—the Jack Pot. It was just a mere prospect then. Its stock had been sold at 10 cents per share. Today it is quoted at $1.75 and there is none to be had.

$300,000.00 was the price paid for enough stock to give control of the Nevada Wonder Mine a neighbor of ours. It is worth $4,000,000.00 today. Stock was sold in that property, too, at 10 cents per share The holders would laugh at you if you offered them $4.00 today.

We bought when Wonder was a name almost unknown. Several times the purchase price has been offered for our claims, but we are not selling out. We are going to keep the big end of it ourselves, for that is where we mean to make our money.

From a geographical standpoint, Wonder is the most favorably located of all Nevada's great mining camps. Wonder is an extension of the great Comstock lode, which paid nearly seven hundred million dollars before it got too deep for working. It has again been discovered and relocated in this new and marvelous camp of Wonder. The formations are so nearly identical with the original Comstock ore that the two ores laid side by side cannot be told apart.

Beginning with the great Comstock on the west, in almost a straight line eastward are located the following camps producing immensely rich ore: Wonder, Austin, Eureka and Ely. In the north and south direction, again almost in a straight line, are Tonopah, Goldfield, Manhattan, Fairview, Wonder and Wimemucca. Wonder is the crossing point of these two great mineral systems; the intersection is

A Mountain of Solid Silver and Gold Ore.

For six square miles the values are so rich that they crop at the very surface of the earth. The whole region seems to rest on a solid foundation of gold and silver.

The Vulture, the Jack Pot, the Alice, the Wasp and Spider, the Stray Horse, the Castle Rock, the Big Wonder, the June Wonder, the Ruby Wonder—I haven't time or space to tell you of them—all are shipping ore worth $250 to $600 a ton.

These Properties are Neighbors of the Greenback Wonder. We Should Do as Well.

Our property—four full claims—is right in the very heart of this mineralized district. The Jack Pot, Stray Horse, and Castle Rock practically adjoin the Greenback. The Castle Rock has two immense veins and dykes from which they are sacking and shipping ore, some of which runs as high as $[illegible],000 to the ton. The Greenback Wonder property is located on these same veins and dykes. They run the entire length of the Greenback Wonder property, a distance of 3,000 feet each. Float picked up from the surface of these veins and dykes on the Greenback Wonder assays over $300.00 a ton, without going beneath the surface at all.

It is my business to know a good investment. My years of experience in the mining country have especially fitted me to pick good mining propositions. It took my personal representative two years to find a Nevada property good enough for my money and to offer to you. I found the property. I investigated it, and as a result we purchased outright the Nevada Greenback Wonder. There isn't a cent of debt on this property; there is no preferred stock; no bonds.

My Guarantee.

I am so positive of the worth of this property that I positively guarantee every share of stock that is sold. If you desire to part with your holdings within 12 months of the date of purchase, I will guarantee to sell your stock for you at the highest market price. My personal reputation, my responsibility and entire good faith are back of every share.

Work upon the property has started. My personal representative is at Reno, and I shall have direct supervision over the work, assuring the fullest measure of protection to every stockholder.

We ought to be in a position to ship ore within sixty days. Shipments at Wonder mean dividends. I predict that this stock will be worth not less than from $3.00 to $5.00 per share within a short time; in fact, it should have this value the day the first dividend is declared. I strongly advise the purchase of this stock now, while you can secure it at the present low price of 15 cents per share for cash, or 17½ cents if paid upon installments of one-fifth down and the balance in four equal monthly payments.

The time to buy this stock is now, not after the price has gone up, as it will surely do. It has advanced 20 per cent in the last few days. The next advance may come at any time. There is not much of it for sale at the present price. You should act at once if you are to secure any part of the present allotment of treasury stock.

Investigate Me.

I want you to investigate me, the National Mortgage and Bond Company and the Nevada Greenback Wonder. I don't want anyone to take my word for anything. Find out whether I am reliable before you trust me with your money. That is what I would do with you. I will place every facility at your command. Any commercial agency will tell you whether I am responsible and any of my 10,000 customers will tell you whether or not I am square in my dealings with them. I am willing to abide by their decision.

Let Me Send You My Free Wonder Book.

I have a new book just off the press, which goes into full detail concerning the Wonder District and gives complete information concerning the Nevada Greenback Wonder. I want to send you this book. It is Free. It tells you the details that I have not the space to give you here. Send for this book today. You place yourself under no obligation by so doing.

I want you to buy all the stock you can carry and share with us the big profits in developing this property, but first I want you to investigate the whole proposition. If you cannot pay cash, buy on the installment plan, but do not fail to buy, and do it now, while you have the chance. You can have two weeks to investigate. If after investigation you are not satisfied, you can have your money back.

This is positively the first opportunity that has ever been given the Eastern public to secure treasury stock in any of Nevada's great mines. Every Wonder property that has been offered out there has been greatly oversubscribed.

J. RENWICK PRESTON.

HOW YOU MAY BUY THIS STOCK.

Cash Plan—15 Cents Per Share.
Installment Plan.

200 Shares, $ 7.00 Down, $ 7.00 Monthly, 4 Times.
300 Shares, $10.50 Down, $10.50 Monthly, 4 Times.
500 Shares, $17.50 Down, $17.50 Monthly, 4 Times.
1,000 Shares, $35.00 Down, $35.00 Monthly, 4 Times.

INFORMATION COUPON.

C.L. 5-4-7.

J. RENWICK PRESTON.
Treas. National Mortgage & Bond Co.,
525 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

DEAR SIR:—

Without placing me under any obligation whatever, send me full information concerning investments in the Nevada Greenback Wonder, and also your book on the Wonder District.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

PURCHASE COUPON.

C.L. 5-4-7.

J. RENWICK PRESTON.
Treas. National Mortgage & Bond Co.,
525 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

I hereby subscribe for.............shares of the treasury stock of the Nevada Greenback Wonder Mining Co., Wonder, Nevada, and agree to pay you.............. (15 cents per share if your remittance pays in full, or 17½ cents per share if you pay in 4 monthly installments)

I hereby inclose my remittance for....................

Name ....

Address ....

No subscription for less than 200 shares will be accepted

$8.85 Dresses Any Man

WITH A STYLISH Spring & Summer SUIT
SPRING RAINCOAT
EXTRA PAIR of TROUSERS
HANDSOME FANCY VEST
or YOUR LIFE INSURED
Against Accident
WITH WEEKLY BENEFIT
F R E E

by the General Accident Assurance Co., Ltd., of Philadelphia. Cash Assets, $250,000.00.

Suits made to measure by experienced tailors — durably trimmed—equal to any tailor's $18.00 suit for $8.85. Either a Spring and Summer rain-proof Overcoat—a pair of extra Trousers like suit or fancy pattern—a handsome fancy Vest or your life insured for $1,000 for loss of life, and a weekly benefit if injured, in a reliable accident assurance Co. FREE. There is no chance taken dealing with us—we have a reputation that backs our guarantee of a perfect fit and satisfaction. If you don't like the goods—don't take them.

Just send us your name and address and we will send you FREE samples of our Spring and Summer cloth, measurement blank, tape line and a copy of insurance policy. SEND NO MONEY, but write today to America's Foremost Tailors.

MARKS & LEE CO., INC., TAILORS TO THE CONSUMER,
202-204 Market St, Dept. 172, CHICAGO, Ill.

SONG-POEMS and music published ON ROYALTY. We write music and popularize.
POPULAR MUSIC CO., 937-58 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

MAKE MONEY BY RAISING POULTRY. Pleasant and Profitable Work. We will send "Poultry Lessons for the Amateur," postage prepaid, with each yearly subscription to COMMERCIAL POULTRY, at fifty cents a year. Send for free sample. Box 88, Commercial Poultry Publishing Company, Marseilles, Ill.

ARE YOU TOO STOUT?

We guarantee to reduce your weight by a new scientific, yet simple, treatment of our own. No patent medicine; no charge whatever until you say you have been benefitted. We mean this. Write today.

THE LANE LABORATORY, Buffalo, N. Y.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED. My mild, soothing, guaranteed cure does it and FREE SAMPLE proves it. STOPS THE ITCHING and cures to stay. WRITE NOW—TODAY.

DR. B. L. CANNADAY, Sedalia, Mo.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
PERFECTLY REMOVED.

I have a safe and positively SURE way to take hairs off face, neck, arms, etc., FOREVER. I HAVE THE TRUE SECRET. Write for information, I send it sealed, FREE. Address HELEN LK DOUGLAS. 20 E. 22 St. New York

Gold Watch AND RING FREE

We give a Stem-Wind, Solid-Gold Laid, guaranteed Watch, engraved on both sides; proper size; appearing equal to 25-year SOLID GOLD WATCH; also GOLD LAID Ring set with a sparkling gem, brilliant [illegible] DIAMOND, for selling [illegible] each. [illegible] send [illegible]

MONROE JEWEL CO., DEPT. 668 CHICAGO, ILL.

FITS CURED

When I say cured, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study and warrant my remedy to permanently cure the worst cases. Don't despair if others have failed. Send at once for treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Postoffice address.

PROF. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

Bunions

Instantly relieved and lasting comfort guaranteed without the use of drugs, medicines, or the knife. Swelling removed, all irritation and friction stopped and the foot given its natural shape. Maintains the original lines of the shoe and prevents a deformed appearance. More than 100,000 sufferers have been benefitted.

Trial Offer We will send this sure Bunion relief to you for 10 days trial. No pay if it fails. Send size of shoe and whether right or left. Address

FISCHER MFG. CO., 622 Scott St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1906 model. *Write for Special Offer.*
Finest Guaranteed 1906 Models $10 to $27
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
1904 & 1905 Models all of best makes $7 to $12
500 Second-Hand Wheels
All Makes and Models, good as new $3 to $8
Great Factory Clearing Sale. We Ship on Approval *without a cent deposit*, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries, etc. half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogs. *Write at once.*
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept B53 Chicago

GOOD LUCK EMBLEM

"THE SWASTIKA"—oldest cross and symbol in the world—is now offered by us for the first time at a low price, so all may wear one. Although just introduced among modern people, it has taken the country by storm and is being worn in all large cities. If you want to be strictly "in it" and up-to-date you must possess one at once. "The Swastika" is so shaped that it forms a combination of four "L's" in its extremities—standing for LUCK—LIGHT—LOVE—LIFE. Its origin dates from the remotest antiquity, traces of same having been found in ancient Rome, excavations of Grecian cities, on mountain rocks of India, on vases and pottery of Rhodes, on Buddhist idols, on Chinese porcelains and on coins dating early as 315 B. C., our own Southwest Indians use it as an ornament and amulet. It is claimed that the Ancients, as well as Mound Builders and Cliff Dwellers of Mexico, South and Central America, consider "The Swastika" a talisman, a charm to drive away evil and bring good luck, long life and prosperity to the possessor. You better get one right now while the opportunity offers. We have had the emblems mounted on strong stick pins so they may be worn in several ways.

Special Price Only Ten Cents Each. Three for 25 cents, postpaid. Address without delay

UNITED SPECIALTY CO.,
Emblem Dept. H 60 Wabash Avenue, Chicago

HELP WANTED MALE.

HIGH-GRADE CANVASSERS and solicitors can connect with large New York house and make big money handling new line. No competition. No books or schemes. Guaranteed salary. Write particulars. L. H. BAILEY, 7 West 19th St., N. Y.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER

The LOST TREASURE;

Or, SEARCHING THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS, by GENERAL OLIVER BENNETT.

[Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

A LOST FORTUNE.

"We are ruined, Lance!"

"Then the report is true?"

"Yes; the bank closed its doors yesterday. Captain Clairborne thinks that depositors will receive less than five per cent."

"Oh, mother! I regret it so much for your sake!"

"And I on your account, my boy."

"Oh, I am young and strong, and can make my way in the world, mother, and you shall never lack for the comforts you have heretofore enjoyed. But is it possible that our entire fortune is swept away by this bank failure? It does not seem possible."

"Everything is gone save this place, my son. The large plantation and our city home must be sold to meet outstanding obligations. This home and a few hundred dollars are all that remain to us."

The Widow Winlow and her only son, a tall, muscular, bright-eyed, red-haired boy of eighteen, sat for a long time in silence. It was a glorious morn on a well-kept plantation in Louisiana. The gallery where they sat sloped down to a velvety lawn, and the lawn to a bayou, whose clear waters glistened in the sun. All about were brilliant flowers, and tropical birds sang and scolded in the trees. Lance was the first to speak.

"Mother," he said, "it seems that it is now time for me to act on my long-deferred trip to the Gulf of Mexico, in quest of the cargo of the lost ship."

"You really cannot mean what you say," said the mother. "Think of the peril!"

"But, mother, just think of the reward of a little exertion! Why, we have more than a million dollars buried under the waters of the gulf. Think what that would mean to us now. And the risk is not so very great, after all."

"You are all I have in the world, Lance," replied the mother, gazing fondly on the handsome face and sturdy form of her son. "Think what would be my life in the future if you should sail away and never return."

"But I am certain that the Pioneer, my new submarine boat, will take me to the lost gold in a very short time. You know how I have worked over that boat! It seems to me to be about perfect, and as safe as an ocean liner. In fact, I have just returned from a trial trip around the bayou, and every part works like a charm. Just imagine me walking along the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico and dragging out that buried gold! I think we could use a little of it to good advantage about now."

"I could not sleep in my bed at night, my boy, with you away on such a perilous voyage. For my sake, abandon all thought of it. Your boat may be a beautiful plaything, but you must not trust your life to it."

"Why, mother," replied the boy, "submarine boats are now constructed so cleverly that the Government is making a large investment in them. With the Pioneer and the help of my friends, I can easily recover the gold lost when the ship went down."

"I fear the danger," said the mother, yielding in a measure to the enthusiasm of the boy.

"There is no danger," replied the boy, thus encouraged, "save the danger of not finding the gold. You know that it has lain on the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico for a good many years, and may be buried in sand or mud. Still, I think I can find it. You know that it was always a dream of father's that some day I might construct a boat that would render the recovery of the lost money possible."

"I know that, my boy. But——"

"Come down to the bayou, mother," interrupted the boy. "You are nervous and all broken up over the loss of the money we had in the bank. Come out on the Pioneer with me, and see what a beauty she is. Why, she obeys the slightest touch, like a well-bred horse. Come and have a ride on the wonder of modern times," he added laughingly. "I really think you'll want to go to the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico with me when you see what a beautiful boat I have."

The mother arose and followed the excited youth. The old Winlow place, as it was called, faced the narrow bayou that ran back from the Mississippi River, a few miles below the city of New Orleans. Years before there had been a boat landing on the bayou, not far from the house, yet still screened from it by a grove of trees, but with the advent of the railroad this had fallen into disuse, and the bayou with its wide expanse of water had become a playground for the boy, who, from his earliest years, had been deeply interested in aerial and submarine navigation, and had once or twice come near drowning by the failure of some pet idea of boat construction. However, he had kept at his work, in spite of frequent failures, until now he believed that he had what he had long sought, a boat that would sail on the water, travel under the water, run like a carriage on land or fly through the air like a bird.

Of course the boy had not constructed this boat—if it may be called a boat—unaided. His father had during his lifetime encouraged the boy in his work, and had brought to his assistance the cleverest of experts, who, it must be stated, had shown little confidence in the plans of the boy. However, they had assisted in developing his ideas, and the Pioneer was the result.

Lance's grandfather had been an officer in the Southern navy during the Civil War, his father had been interested in shipping, and the boy had a desire for the sea. Only for his desire to perfect his submarine boat, he would have been out on the ocean at a tender age. But, as has been said, aerial and submarine navigation held many charms for him, and he remained at home to study them out, with the result that at the death of his father, when he was fifteen, he was already a well-educated youth, especially proficient in languages and the sciences allied to his chosen profession.

On the site of the old steamboat landing and cotton dock stood an extensive and completely equipped workshop, established by Lance's father long before his death. The father, like the son, had been something of a dreamer, and, besides, the notion that the precious cargo lying at the bottom of the sea might one day be brought to land had not a little influenced the father in yielding to the wishes of the son in the matter of submarine and aerial studies and experiments.

The bayou upon which the workshop [illegible]ted was very deep, and was navigable a[illegible]ut five miles back from the Mississippi River. It was bordered by a wide carriage drive, paved with white shells, as are so many driveways in the South. The shell road was shaded and beautified by orange trees, well-trimmed live oak trees, and trailing grapevines. On the whole, it was an ideal spot for the boy inventor to build and test his wonderful machine. That he had made good use of his opportunities he soon expected to prove to his mother.

The mother and son soon reached the workshop by the bayou. Although nearly forty years of age, Mrs. Winlow was still as light and active as a girl of half that age, and was a beautiful woman, attractive in temperament as well as in feature. As they approached the shop they saw two of Lance's employes sitting in the semi-tropical sunshine before the door, engaged in a closely-contested game of cards. One was a tall, thin-limbed, thin-faced, quick-witted, chalk-skinned white swamper, dressed in a loose suit of blue flannels with a wide-rimmed straw hat. The other was a thick-bodied, thick-lipped, thick-voiced but wonderfully clear-headed negro. They were the boy inventor's truest and trustiest friends.

With them he was planning to start on a voyage destined to be filled with thrilling incidents, wild adventures and narrow escapes. The card players sprang to their feet and saluted respectfully as Mrs. Winlow approached.

"Is the Pioneer in good trim, Dross?" asked Lance.

"Yes, sir," replied the white swamper.

"Then we will take a trip to the head of the bayou," said Lance. "Mother wishes to see what the little wonder can do."

"A'right, sah! A'right, sah!" cried the fat darky, scrambling down the gangplank in order to get ahead of his fellow-worker.

Apparently as light as a cork, the boat floated at the old wharf. She seemed to have nothing in common with the dark depths of the sea, but to be a thing of sunshine and beauty.

As Lance and his mother walked aboard, the latter gave vent to many exclamations of surprise at the neatness and perfection of all she saw. She was first conducted to a small but luxuriously furnished reading room and laboratory combined. It was brilliantly lighted by electricity.

"Oh, I mean to be as comfortable as possible during my voyage," said Lance, who appeared to consider his mother's objections withdrawn and the trip assured. "This is where I shall live, snug as a bug in a rug, and Dross and Duff will sleep in this little den just off my own, and within easy reach. How safe the boat is you shall soon see."

Mrs. Winlow continued to gaze curiously about the place. Indeed, it was one well calculated to awaken both astonishment and curiosity. Books of reference lay here and there, ready to the hand. Delicate instruments were securely fastened to light stands. Glass vessels in immovable brackets held costly chemicals. Maps and charts covering the earth, the seas and the skies hung on the walls. There were barometers, thermometers and intricate electrical instruments for measuring the speed of the machine in the water and in the air.

There was also a full outfit of diving suits, life preservers, weapons for use on land and sea, and numerous other things for which the astonished woman could see no practical use, but all of which were necessarily a part of the equipment.

"It all seems so queer," she said in a moment, "that I cannot realize where I am. But where is your motive power?"

"Come below and you shall see," replied the boy.

Closely followed by his mother, he passed down a short flight of steps and paused beside a shining shaft of steel which ran through the entire length of the machine. It was supported every ten feet by firm standards of metal, very light, but still very strong. In short, everything about the Pioneer was built with a view of reducing weight as much as possible.

"But where is the power?" asked the mother.

"We manufacture the power," was the reply, "just as many manufacturers make their electricity. I cannot use as large a plant as I wish, but with the aid of storage batteries, which can be used at any time, I am able to get up a speed of from forty to sixty miles an hour on the land and in the air. Submarine work is slower. Of course we use alcohol for the power in making electricity, as coal or wood would be too bulky. The screw is attached to this shaft. Like many other things about the machine, it can easily be removed and folded away when the machine is wanted for use as an automobile or an air ship."

"Will it really navigate the air?"

"Why, of course. Airships are common now. Only the other day one wheeled about Washington like a bird, and called upon the President. Seeing so many things here, you do not realize how light this machine is. And, as for road work, the thing is just an automobile. As a submarine boat, it is like the boats now being built by every civilized nation. It is not so wonderful, after all, mother."

But the fond mother, realizing the immense possibilities in the machine, and the skill and industry it represented, thought it a very wonderful thing indeed. She was proud of her boy, and already was her consent won.

CHAPTER II.

OFF FOR SOUTH AMERICA.

Presently all was ready for the trip up the bayou, and Lance gave the order to go ahead. Mrs. Winlow uttered a slight exclamation as the boat jarred against the wharf for an instant, but there followed a slight swaying motion, and she settled down for a pleasant ride. Then came another slight jar and Lance said:

"Here we are, mother."

"Out on the bayou?" asked the widow.

Lance laughed.

"At Magnolia Grove, at the head of the bayou," was the reply.

"Surely not so soon."

"Five miles in six minutes," said Lance. "I rather think the Pioneer can go some. What do you think of her mother?"

"It seems like a dream," replied the widow.

"Oh, I'm not the only pebble," smiled Lance. "There are others. Why, this is only a combination of automobile, submarine boat and airship. Separately, these things are all in common use,' added the boy modestly.

"Automobile?" repeated the mother.

"Why, of course," replied Lance. "You'll see, just as soon as I show you how the boat can run under water. Get ready, Dross, for a return trip close to the bottom."

Mrs. Winlow gave a little cry of alarm.

"You are perfectly sure it is safe?" she asked.

"Sure, mother. Do you think I would assume a risk with you on board?"

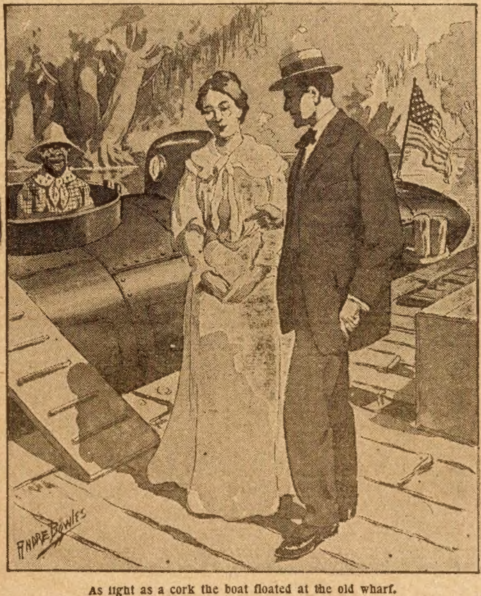
"But how do you make the boat sink? It runs so lightly on the surface that one would think it a difficult matter to get her to the bottom."

"Just the ordinary way," was the reply, "by letting water into compartments along the keel. This water, of course, is pumped out when we want to come to the surface again. Are you all ready, Dross? Then down we go."

As the boy spoke there came a slight hissing sound, followed by a quivering, swaying motion, and the Pioneer began to slowly disappear beneath the clear waters of the beautiful bayou. Soon it was entirely submerged, and the hissing sound ceased.

"That noise," said Lance, in answer to an inquiring look from his mother, "was the air escaping from the water-tight compartments. As they fill with water, of course the air must get out, and that is the complaint it makes on account of its eviction," he added with a merry laugh. "Now come into the pilot house, mother, and I will show you a new world, a world which does not exist for those who know nothing of submarine navigation."

Taking the arm of her son, Mrs. Winlow accompanied him to the place designated. Looking through a strong plate glass window out upon the bottom of the bayou, she saw what seemed to be a fairyland, but one in which no timid person would care to wander. Huge garfish, great jackfish with swan-like jaws, lumbering turtles, writhing serpents, immense alligators, fled hither and yon before the bright electric light which the boat cast forth. The bottom of the bayou looked like a tropical forest, and swaying growths occasionally brushed against the pane from which the mother looked out upon all these wonderful scenes. Now and then a fish, dazzled by the light, came to the window and rubbed its nose against the glass.



As light as a cork the boat floated at the old wharf.

Presently the strong searchlight picked up the submerged timbers of the wharf, and then the boat slowed down, the pumps quickly emptied the water reservoirs, and again the Pioneer floated on the water like a duck.

"And now, Dross," said Lance, "get out the lifts and we'll take a drift in the air. You are not afraid, mother?"

"I can hardly comprehend what you mean," replied the mother. "Can you really sail through the air with the same machine which, a moment ago, you forced to the bottom of the bayou?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "As I have already explained, it is no longer a trick to make a machine which will navigate the air. The trouble is to invent one which can be used for commercial purposes. But I am not looking to the carrying of goods or passengers, or even the armaments of war, for the success of my invention. I have built this machine for use in recovering the lost gold—the gold which has for many years lain beneath the waters of the Gulf of Mexico."

"But how do you accomplish the flight?" asked the mother.

"As you know," replied Lance, "the machine is very light, comparatively speaking. When its surface area is considered, it does not require so very much to float it when in motion, for the motion, of course, increases the sustaining power. Down in the engine room, where we make our electricity, we have a small gas machine. No, of course we cannot make gas of coal, but we use a product of petroleum, which is coal in liquid form. A little of this product makes a lot of gas.

"Then there are the balloons. Here I have a new principle. Instead of having one large gas-inflated carrying-bag, I have a hundred or more little ones. This system was chosen because in this small machine we could not handle a huge balloon. At the top of the boat, at the sides and bottom, everywhere where they can be placed, are these little balloons, lying sealed in water-tight compartments built in the shell of the boat. You see this lever? Well, a turn to the right will open the doors to these compartments and release the lifts, then a turn of this wheel will direct the gas being made in the lower regions into the empty gas bags. They become inflated, of course, draw from the surface of the machine to the extent of their harness, lift the machine, and there you are—up in the air!

"Here is another new principle. These small balloons—I call them small in order to distinguish them from the large ones of the ordinary airship, though they are not so very small, each one having a lifting capacity of fifty pounds—are connected with the ship by a tube instead of by a rope. Through this tube gas may be forced while the ship is in flight, so that it cannot fall while the balloons remain intact and the gas continues to generate below. Again, these small balloons, lifts, I call them, are much safer, because a bullet striking a large balloon might wreck the whole thing, while it would cause little inconvenience if even a dozen of my lifts should be put out of commission. Half my lifts will carry the ship, as they actually do when it is being lifted from the water, as then the submerged ones cannot be filled without danger of being broken by the opposing pressure of the water."

"But you are not going where bullets will be sent flying after you," said the mother in sudden alarm.

"I hope not," was the gay reply, "though one can never tell what may happen. But, see, the wings are out and we are away."

"But there are really wings," said the widow. "You did not refer to them."

"They do not lift the boat," was the reply, "although they may help a little at the very start. Their value is in their steadying power and the scope they give to the rudder. They are made of aluminum, and are of course very light. They are made to fold into a very small groove running along the side of the ship. See how grandly the brave little machine rises! Isn't she a beauty, mother?"

The engineer, Dross, had backed down the bayou, almost to the Mississippi, had given the boat a swift motion forward, as an eagle gives a short run on the ground before soaring into the air, then, releasing the lift coverings and directing the gas into the tubes, had sent the boat out of the water. It may be well to state here that each lift was controlled separately, so that in case one was injured the gas could be shut off at that tube and waste avoided. Seen from a distance, the boat resembled one great balloon, the lifts of course mounting together.

Quickly the Pioneer passed the workshops and mounted to the tops of the live oaks which formed the grove, circled about the fields of the plantation, passed on to the head of the bayou and settled down into the water again.

The mother gave a little sigh of relief as the keel struck the water.

"It is like magic," she said. "I can't understand how you came to have such a talent for electric machinery."

"By having the best mother in the world," replied Lance, throwing an arm protectingly about the widow's shoulders, "a mother who did not call me a fool and a crank, but encouraged me instead, and a father who was willing to bankrupt himself to supply me with money for my education and my experiments. This machine, just as she rides here on the water, mother, has cost the Winlow family nearly $100,000."

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE

(With Special Forecast for 1907.)

Let me tell you FREE what the future has in store for you, whether the coming years hold out riches that you could grasp if you but knew it, whether marriage and a happy home may be your blessing and whether fame will knock at your door. The Stars will tell it all. Let me show you how to take advantage of the good fortune that is ready to help you if you knew when and how to act; let me point out the pitfalls and swamps of failure that are in your path and tell you clearly how to avoid them.

How can I do this? By the grand old science of Astrology which is acknowledged by all thinking men as the only reliable way to foretell the future. By an Astrological system different from that of any other Astrologer living or dead.

I claim to be able to draw for you a Horoscope of your life, past, present, and future, that will startle and mystify you by its exactness. To prove to you the absolute accuracy of my Horoscopes and to show you how thoroughly practical and helpful they are I will send you absolutely FREE, on receipt of a two-cent stamp to pay postage, a trial Horoscope of your life together with my Special Forecast for 1907.

Read what these people say of my work, and they are only a few of the thousands I am constantly receiving.

"I only regret that I did not write you sooner. I followed the advice you gave me and am now earning $85.00 a month. You certainly started me on the road to success." A. C. PERRY.

"All of your predictions come true. I married again as you stated I would and I pray that you may live many years to continue in this noble work." Mrs. F. H. BREWSTER.

"At the time I received my Horoscope I doubted what you told me; but one year has elapsed, and I must confess the truth, that your readings are certainly wonderful, for now I know what you told me is true." Mrs. P. ROGERS.

A. C. PERRY. Mrs. F. H. BREWSTER.

Can you refuse to believe in Astrology in the face of this letter from a noted doctor of New Bedford, Mass., who said to me: "I have bettered myself in so many ways, and have avoided so much of the unpleasantness of life that I cannot find words to express the benefits I have received from my Horoscope in the past two years." Still more convincing is a letter from Miss Grace Devine of St. Louis, Mo., which is in itself an inspiration. She says: "The six months I have had my Horoscope has been the happiest days of my life, and I hope that you may live many years to demonstrate the truths of Astrology."

If you want to make your future successful and know what it contains, write me at once. Simply send me your name and address, the date of your birth, your sex, and if married or single, and enclose a two-cent stamp for postage, and your Horoscope together with the Special Forecast for 1907 will be immediately sent you in a sealed envelope FREE of charge.

PROF. LEE, Dept. 25, Natick, Mass.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. B. 2. Lebanon, Ohio.

MAGIC NEEDLES Rods, Goldometers, Chronometers, etc. for treasure seekers. Millions of wealth under your feet. Guaranteed the best made. Interesting booklet for 2c postage. P. & M. AGENCY, 10 Elm St., PALMYRA, PA. FREE

LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME

Ventriloquists Double Throat Fits roof of mouth, always invisible, greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Imitate Punch & Judy, neigh like a horse, sing like a canary or imitate any bird or beast of field or forest. LOADS OF FUN. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents or 4 for 25 cents. DOUBLE THROAT CO. DEPT. 2 FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

HUNTING CASE GENTS OR LADIES SIZE

This ELEGANT Watch $3.75

Before you buy a watch cut this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express for examination a handsome WATCH AND CHAIN C. O. D. $3.75. Double hunting case, beautifully engraved, stem wind and stem set, fitted with a richly jeweled movement and guaranteed a correct timekeeper, with long Gold plated chain for Ladies or vest chain for Gents. If you consider it equal to any $35 GOLD FILLED WATCH Warranted 20 YEARS pay the express agent $3.75 and it is yours. Our 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Mention if you want Gents' or Ladies' size. Address M. FARBER & CO., B15, 23 Quincy St., CHICAGO.

WETO GRAPH

The Great Secret Writing System

FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS

Every lover and every one who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is a system of secret sign writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can preserve recipes, secret memorandum, addresses, or information you do not want anyone to find out. You can write to your friends on a postal and no one can find out what you have written. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

MENDING TISSUE

The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages, 25 cents. Address Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa.

"PERSONAL"

Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime or improvement, should write at once to us. We have a large list of persons wishing to correspond. We introduce you by mail. Many pleasant flirtations and warm friends are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address with stamp for reply and membership blanks, Lock Box 259, Personal Correspondence Club, Chicago, Ill.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

This is a very useful book, being a guide to the successful Hunting and Trapping of Wild Animals. It tells how to fish; gives right season for trapping; how to make, set and bait traps for all kinds of wild animals; how to make and use birdlime; to tell true value of skins; to skin all animals; to dress and tan skins, furs, and leather, with or without wool or hair; to skin or stuff birds; baits and hooks for fishing; to fish successfully without nets, spears, snares, "bobs" or bait, a great secret; to choose and clean guns; to breed minks for skins; Bryon's Lightning Gunner, Sportsman's Hints, Helps and Suggestions, list of firms who buy and sell skins, furs, etc. In order to introduce our catalogue of bargains we will send you "Life in the Woods" upon receipt of 10 cents, stamps or silver. Write today to UNITED SPECIALTY CO., Book Dept., 94 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. Ask for "Life in the Woods," when ordering.

FREE STEREOSCOPE AND 50 VIEWS

With One Year's Subscription to The Chicago Ledger

This Newly Patented Stereoscope is made of pressed steel, handsomely enameled. It is fitted with best quality ground lenses, and is easily adjusted to fit any person's eyesight.

The Fifty Views are made especially for this Stereoscope from original photographs. They are highly entertaining to every man, woman and child.

To Secure the Stereoscope and Views send us $1.00 for one year's subscription to **The Chicago Ledger.** You get America's greatest story paper every week for a year for the dollar, and you get this fine Stereoscope with fifty views **absolutely free,** all charges prepaid, if you subscribe at once.

W. D. BOYCE CO., BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE

30 Days' Free Trial

Biggest and Best Buggy Book Ever Published.

I want to send you one of these Big, Handsome Books because I want you to know about the celebrated

Split Hickory Buggies

the Buggies that are sold on 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL and Guaranteed 2 Years. My plan of selling Direct-from-Factory-to-You saves you 30 to 50%. You should know about it—you should get my Big, Free Catalogue, which shows 125 styles of Vehicles and full line of Harness—all at prices that save you big money. These catalogues are the handsomest Buggy Books ever issued by anyone. You should write for one now while the supply lasts—and see the wonderful Buggy Bargains I am offering.

H. C. PHELPS, President

The Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co.
Station 124 Cincinnati, Ohio

MEN WANTED everywhere to distribute circulars, adv. matter, tack signs, etc.
National Distributing Bureau, 95 Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

MUST Send me 2-cent stamp for exposure of frauds who have imposed upon sick men and women with their C. O. D. and other awful schemes, or send me only $1 for

Beck's Wonder-Worker Tablets

the remedy that does NOT contain poison; that does NOT excite or stimulate, and that MUST strengthen weak hearts, weak nerves, weak organs and weak backs; that MUST restore loss of memory and lost vitality; that MUST cure varicose veins, bad kidneys, night sweats and physical or mental decline from any cause at any age; and that MUST bring natural physical strength, mental capacity and vital power easier, quicker and cheaper than any other remedy on earth. I am the only man who has sworn to hold the name of all who write me sacred forever. Address

GEO. S. BECK, 144 Main St., Springfield, O.

MAGIC FISH LURES AND CHARMS

Can be made in your own home by reading directions in our book **LIFE IN THE WOODS**, which is a **VALUABLE GUIDE TO HUNTING, TRAPPING, FISHING, BREEDING AND TANNING.** So why buy expensive baits? **Tells How to Catch Fish Through the Ice**, how to catch them without nets, lines, hooks, spears, snares, bobs or bait. Secret Japanese also Chinese art of fishing. Formulas for wheat and bread paste baits and other magic lures and charms. Tells about every kind of home-made traps for all animals; snares, deadfalls, mole killers, bird-lime, baiting and setting traps; where animals are found, how to dress, tan, skin, stretch and cure furs for market, names of dealers, care of guns, don'ts for gunners, all about mink breeding, camping hints, helps and suggestions, bird-catching secrets, life saving from drowning, also art of mounting birds, animals, etc., etc. The biggest ten cents' worth between covers. Ask for Life in the Woods book and remit 10 cents to-day.

UNITED SPECIALTY CO., Dept. W5 58 Wabash Ave., Chicago

How Good Food may Turn to Poison.

DECAY is not digestion, you know, even when it takes place in the stomach.

Food decayed in the body after being eaten is as dangerous to health as food decayed before being eaten.

Food nourishes or poisons, just according to how long it remains in the Bowels undigested.

* * *

Most of the Digestion occurs in the thirty feet of Intestines.

They are lined with a set of little mouths, that squeeze Digestive Juices into the Food eaten.

The Instestines are also lined with millions of little suction pumps, that draw the Nutriment from Food, as it passes them in going through.

But, when the Bowel-Muscles are weak, the Food moves too slowly to stimulate the little Gastric Mouths and there is no flow or too little flow of Digestive Juice, to change the food into nourishment.

Then, the food decays in the Bowels, and the little suction pumps draw Poison from the decayed Food, into the blood, instead of the Nutrition they should have drawn.

* * *

Now, Cascarets contain the only combination of drugs that Stimulates these Muscles of the Bowels and Intestines just as a Cold Bath, or open-air Exercise, stimulates a Lazy Man.

Cascarets therefore act like Exercise.

They produce the same sort of Natural result that a Six Mile walk in the country would produce without any injurious Chemical effect.

The Vest Pocket Cascaret Box is sold by all Druggists at Ten Cents.

Be sure you get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC." 749

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

"It does not seem possible, my son. You must have figured double."

"Oh, I know how expensive it has been," continued Lance, "and how outrageously the experts charged for their time, and all that, but now I'll pay it all back by raising the lost gold."

"For your sake I hope so," said the mother, who no longer offered opposition to the boy's project. "I really hope so, for you have been reared in luxury, and poverty would be doubly hard now."

"Never fear," replied the boy. "Now, if you are ready, we'll try the automobile end of the machine."

In an incredibly short space of time great rubber-tired wheels were adjusted to slender axles which were pushed from the interior of the boat and the power turned on. The power, of course, was communicated directly to the axle, there being none of the complicated machinery of the modern automobile. The great wheels lifted the keel of the boat a foot from the ground. Passing along the shell road, the machine was soon at the old wharf, where Lance and his mother alighted.

Resting on its powerful axles and wheels, entirely out of water, the beautiful proportions of the Pioneer could be clearly seen. It was shaped like a cigar, except that both ends were sharp, and was full 100 feet in length. It was twelve feet in diameter at the thicketst part, which was at the reading room. Within it was a triumph of mechanician genius and skill.

"Lance," said the proud mother, "you are a wizard."

"Only a hard worker," was the reply. "Why, I have had the advice of all the best mechanical and electrical experts in the world in the making of this machine."

"No, you are a magician," said the mother. "I am afraid of you!" she added, happy tears in her eyes as she threw her arms about the boy's neck and kissed him. "Why, Lance," she added, "you are no longer a boy. You are a man!"

"Then you no longer oppose in the man what you believed to be impossible for the boy?" asked Lance merrily. For some time he had known that his mother's opposition to his proposed trip had vanished, but she had not yet given her consent in words.

"It breaks my heart to think of your going away, into unknown dangers, my son," replied the mother, "but I give my consent. And when you have recovered the gold from your grandfather's lost ship you may continue your voyage to Peru and rediscover the lost city of the Andes, the golden city which your grandfather saw many years ago. My trips in your machine have convinced me that she is all you claim for her, and that you will be careful of your life for my sake if not for your own."

"You may trust me, mother," replied the boy gratefully. He had not expected permission for the Peruvian trip. "Dross and Duff will go with me, and we can be off by Monday. Oh, but you are good to me, mother, and I'll never come back without the gold which lies out there in the gulf."

"Better return poor than not at all," replied the loving mother.

This capital story of seeking lost treasure and of strange and extraordinary happenings will be continued in next week's Ledger. Read it to the close and enjoy its marvels. Other very wonderful stories will follow this in these pages. Subscribe for the Ledger so that you will not miss them. You will find great entertainment in one of our beautiful stereoscopes, which will be sent you entirely without cost if you send in a subscription; also we will give free any six of our spring patterns that you may select, with a single subscription. Read our premium advertisements on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Dupes of Destiny.

(Continued from page eleven.)

"Of course; yet I shall not ask of you anything more than you can do, and do easily."

"What will you have?"

"First, let us strike a bargain. Have I your promise?"

"It is a chance, and I would clutch at anything. Yes, I will help you providing you, in turn, do your best for me."

"Good! Nickerson and I came to the capital to rescue Hapgood, but he is mentally unbalanced and does not want to be rescued."

"I see. The emanations of the mountain—they have reached his brain."

"Exactly. Now, what we desire, is to be smuggled into the room where Hapgood is being held."

"He is not being held. He remains in the palace of his own accord."

"The poor fellow doesn't know what he is doing. If he did, you would not find him so passive a prisoner."

"It will be difficult to get you to his room," said Captain Yim. "The palace is full of guards."

"You are still privileged to come and go, are you not?"

"Not by the Queen's order. However, the guards are all from my legion and I have no doubt that I could pass them without trouble. As to taking you with me, that is a different matter."

"Suppose, for instance," suggested the professor, "we were disguised as guards?"

"That might serve."

"Let us try it, at all events We must exhaust every resource to get Hapgood out of the palace."

"He won't go——"

"Yes, he will."

"Not freely. If he created a disturbance——"

"I promise you that he will not."

"What will you do to prevent it? If he makes a scene, then it is all over with the three of us."

"If we are willing to take the risk, surely you should be. You have all to gain and nothing to lose."

Captain Yim bowed his head in a brown study.

"What you say, Professor, is too true. I have all to gain and nothing to lose, providing you are are able to help me if our plan is successful. Come to the palace gate in half an hour. If I find, upon investigation, that the matter is promising, I will be at hand with two paletots, such as are worn by the guards."

"Have a swift bird handy for yourself," returned the professor, "and another for Hapgood. Can you manage it?"

"I believe so. I am trusting implicitly to you, Professor."

"I shall not fail you, Captain. There is my hand on it."

They shook hands, and after Captain Yim had vanished the professor explained that promises, in Zurma, had always to be taken with a large amount of salt. Owing to the meddlesome habits of the lupozinns, no man knew, when he made a promise, whether he should ever be able to fulfil it, but if he gave his word, and then his hand on it, he must show cause for failure or lose the hand.

"If I had not broken that flask," the professor finished, "I could have inoculated Captain Yim and thereby made the issue of our work more certain. The hypoderm, however, it is absolutely necessary to save for Hapgood."

"I hate to mention it, Professor," said I, "when so many grave matters are pressing, but the fact is I am about starved."

"We will go hunting for plang," he answered.

The light, it would appear, waited upon our pleasure, for presently it surrounded us and we had not to move more than a dozen feet to secure what sustenance we needed. Water was obtained from a spring fed, so the professor assured me, from the Styx.

We took our bearings during the time the light was with us, and when we were ready to start, and darkness intervened, we were able to make a tolerably direct fly to the palace. Descending well to one side of the palace, we skulked toward the eastern gate, guided by many huge brackets of radium suspended from the palace walls.

It was a ticklish adventure, albeit we felt sure of ourselves. What uncertainty there was lay with Captain Yim, who had nothing to preserve him from an untimely attack of lupozinns.

This thrilling and remarkable story will be concluded in next week's Ledger. To every one subscribing for the Ledger we are still sending stereoscopes and patterns free as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Almost Complete.

An artist was talking about the late Walter Appleton Clark, who died at the beginning of his artistic career.

"And Clark," he said, "had a strong sense of humor. I remember going through a millionaire's stables with him one day.

"You know what a millionaire's stables nowadays are like: floors and walls of translucent white tiles, drinking fountains of marble, mahogany mangers, silver trimmings and so forth and so on.

" 'Well, gentlemen,' said the millionaire proudly, 'is anything lacking?'

" 'I can think of nothing,' said Clark, 'except a sofa for each horse.' "

The Growler.

Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, the woman suffrage leader, was talking in Philadelphia about divorce.

"Ill temper is at the root of divorce," Mrs. Avery said. "Men and women are not so vicious as some people think. Impatience causes more divorces than immorality.

"When I was living in Pittsburg, I called one day on a certain married woman.

"At dinner time my hostess rang for a maid. She said:

" 'Mary, is that Mr. Brown downstairs? I thought I heard him just now.'

" 'No'm,' Mary answered. 'That wuz the dawg what wuz growling.' "

What He Was.

Masked Man (dashing into a parlor car on Western railroad)—Hold up yer hands.

Passenger—Don't shoot, please. Take all I've got, and welcome.

Masked Man—This is a big pile o' money, so I'll give you ten dollars of it back. I may be a train robber, but I ain't no parlor car porter.

The Stamp of the U. S. Government
FULLY MATURED
QUALITY GUARANTEED
HAYNER
PRIVATE STOCK
WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND
THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY

PURE WHISKEY

Direct from Distillery to YOU

You can rely upon the absolute purity of HAYNER WHISKEY—it is BOTTLED IN BOND under Government supervision—and its purity, age, full strength and full measure are GUARANTEED by the U. S. Government, as shown by its stamp on every bottle.

SEND US YOUR ORDER—save all the profits of the dealers—and get this purest and most delicious whiskey at the distillers price

4 FULL QUARTS $3.20
WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES.

Money back if it fails to please you.

OUR OFFER We will send you FOUR full quart bottles of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY in a plain case, no marks to show contents, for $3.20 and we will pay the express charges. Test it in any way you like. If it is not perfectly satisfactory send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned by first mail. Order to-day and address our nearest Shipping Depot.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho Mont., Nev., N Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid, or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, DIV. 617
DAYTON, O. ST. LOUIS, MO. ST. PAUL, MINN. ATLANTA, GA.
146 ESTABLISHED 1866. CAPITAL $500,000.00 PAID IN FULL.

SAY, BOY!

DO YOU WANT A JOB?

WE HAVE ONE FOR YOU.

We Want Agents Everywhere to Sell

THE SATURDAY BLADE
AND
THE CHICAGO LEDGER

We Pay the Largest Commission for selling papers. You can make more money in less time selling our papers than any other way. They sell at sight.

You pay nothing until your papers are sold. We send Agent's Outfit free. You sell the papers during spare hours on Saturday, and you do not have to pay for unsold papers.

25,000 Agents are selling the **Blade** and **Ledger** now, but we want more. We want at least one boy in every town and city. No town is too small—no city is too large for an agency.

Send your Application in Today, and we will get you started at once. Don't wait until some other boy gets the job. Write at once. A postal will do.

Address W. D. BOYCE CO., Agent's Dept., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
SATURDAY BLADE

Her Code of Morals.

"Really, you know," said the beautiful young grass widow, "I can't see why people should make so much fuss about it when one gets a divorce. It seems to me that is the pleasanter way all around if one is to gain one's freedom."

"Mercy sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Primm, "how can you say such things? Why, I'd never think of getting a divorce, no matter what happened."

"But if your husband was in love with another woman you surely wouldn't go on living with him. I can't think of anything which would be more revolting than that. Perhaps you have never paused to think of it, but can't you see that a wife who, knowing her husband no longer cared for her and being aware that he loved another woman, kept on accepting his support and living under the same roof with him would be selling herself? She would be just as immoral as the debased, painted creature by whom she would think she had been defiled if their skirts happened to touch in the street. She would indeed be no longer the man's wife except in a legal sense. Spiritually such a couple would be no more man and wife than you are the wife of the man who sells you your meat. Wouldn't you under such circumstances gladly accept any chance to end your shame, and wouldn't it be thoroughly unjust of society to condemn you for doing so. Wouldn't your self-respect goad you on to get a divorce, to be free, in spite of——"

"What! And give him a chance to marry the other woman? Never! You must think I'm crazy."

Chinese and Footbinding.

"Direction of the anti-footbinding movement in China has been handed over by the Shanghai ladies' committee to Chinese, who have already established many anti-footbinding societies throughout this great empire," writes a Shanghai contributor to a newspaper there. "Great was the surprise and yet greater the delight at the recent annual meeting of the Tien Tsu Hui (anti-footbinding society) when it was announced that not only a Chinese committee had been formed but also an executive committee with two Chinese gentlemen as secretaries, one for foreign correspondence and one for Chinese, and that several of the gentlemen would attend the meeting.

"The more because the ladies of the Tien Tsu Hui had tried in various quarters to find successors to carry on their labors and had, as they thought, failed. So following the Chinese method they decided to commit suicide. In accordance with their usage, they had advertised their meeting, but none of the committee that intended to die had the heart to invite witnesses. China's method succeeded, as probably it always will in China, and thus before the suicide was even accomplished in walked a number of distinguished Chinese gentlemen who are to form the new Chinese committee.

"The foreign ladies in China can at least feel that public opinion has been sufficiently aroused for them to trust the direction of the movement to Chinese. That their confidence is well placed is assured by the fact that the very influential committee of Chinese announce their determination to carry on the work till 'the sun does not shine on a single bound foot in China.' "

Feminine.

She—Is there any difference between a fort and a fortress?

He—Why, I should imagine that a fortress would be—er—harder to silence!

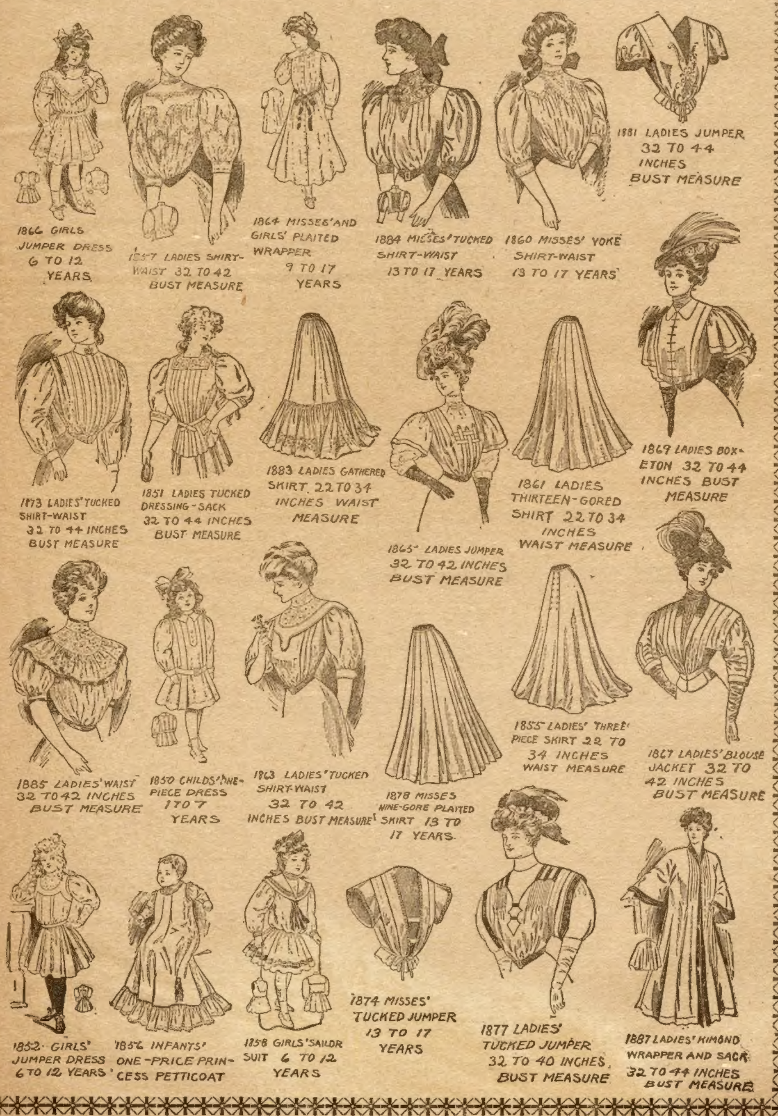
SIX STYLISH PATTERNS FREE

These are the new seam-allowing patterns. They are best for the home dressmaker because allowance is made for all seams. They are the latest and most fashionable styles from Paris fashions and are strictly up-to-date.

We will send any six of these elegant patterns **absolutely free, postage paid,** with one year's subscription to **The Chicago Ledger.** The fascinating tales and thrilling romances to appear in the **Ledger** will make it doubly interesting.

One year's subscription costs only one dollar. You get this fine family story paper every week for a year for the dollar, and you get six of these beautiful patterns **free,** by subscribing now. Select any six patterns—send your selection with the subscription and receive the patterns at once **Be sure to give the number and size of each pattern wanted.**

Send in your order with one dollar to **PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.**


1866 GIRLS JUMPER DRESS 6 TO 12 YEARS
1857 LADIES SHIRT-WAIST 32 TO 42 BUST MEASURE
1864 MISSES' AND GIRLS' PLAITED WRAPPER 9 TO 17 YEARS
1884 MISSES' TUCKED SHIRT-WAIST 13 TO 17 YEARS
1860 MISSES' YOKE SHIRT-WAIST 13 TO 17 YEARS
1881 LADIES JUMPER 32 TO 44 INCHES BUST MEASURE
1873 LADIES' TUCKED SHIRT-WAIST 32 TO 44 INCHES BUST MEASURE
1851 LADIES TUCKED DRESSING-SACK 32 TO 44 INCHES BUST MEASURE
1883 LADIES GATHERED SKIRT 22 TO 34 INCHES WAIST MEASURE
1865 LADIES JUMPER 32 TO 42 INCHES BUST MEASURE
1861 LADIES THIRTEEN-GORED SKIRT 22 TO 34 INCHES WAIST MEASURE
1869 LADIES BOX-ETON 32 TO 44 INCHES BUST MEASURE
1885 LADIES' WAIST 32 TO 42 INCHES BUST MEASURE
1850 CHILDS' ONE-PIECE DRESS 1 TO 7 YEARS
1863 LADIES' TUCKED SHIRT-WAIST 32 TO 42 INCHES BUST MEASURE
1878 MISSES NINE-GORE PLAITED SKIRT 13 TO 17 YEARS.
1855 LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT 22 TO 34 INCHES WAIST MEASURE
1867 LADIES' BLOUSE JACKET 32 TO 42 INCHES BUST MEASURE
1852 GIRLS' JUMPER DRESS 6 TO 12 YEARS
1856 INFANTS' ONE-PRICE PRINCESS PETTICOAT
1858 GIRLS' SAILOR SUIT 6 TO 12 YEARS
1874 MISSES' TUCKED JUMPER 13 TO 17 YEARS
1877 LADIES' TUCKED JUMPER 32 TO 40 INCHES, BUST MEASURE
1887 LADIES' KIMONO WRAPPER AND SACK 32 TO 44 INCHES BUST MEASURE

EPILEPSY FITS

If you suffer from Epileptic Fits or Falling Sickness or have children that do so, my New Discovery and treatment will CURE them, and all you are asked to do is to send for FREE BOTTLE of Epilepticide and Test it. Thousands are CURED where everything else failed. Complete directions with free treatment, also testimonials and 64-page book, "Epilepsy Explained," free by mail. Give AGE and full address.
W. H. May, M. D., 548 Pearl St., New York.

LEARN to make wire jewelry. Catalogue, instructions and sample free. O. L. Coleman & Bro. Dept. 46 Dallas, Texas

MOTHERS BED-WETTING CURED. Sample Free. Dr. F. May, Box Odd. Bloomington, Ill.

WRITE A SONG for us today. It may be worth THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. Hayes Music Co. 72 Star Bldg., Chicago

916 CARDS NEW Sample Styles ENVELOPE, Silk Fringe 20 New Songs, 100 Rich and Racy Jokes, 1 Pack Fun Cards, 1 Escort, and 1 Acquaintance Cards, Standard Beau Catcher, &c. All for 2 Cents. CROWN CARD CO., Columbus, Ohio.

RODS The latest improved; sold under guarantee. Used for locating mines, lost treasures, etc. Cir. 2 cents. Address L. A. LOWRY, P. O. Box 1301-09 DENVER, COLO.

How to be HAPPY tho' MARRIED
[illegible]
Price 10c; 3 for 20c. TEEL BOOK CO., HURLEYVILLE, N. Y.

GOLD TEETH THE LATEST FAD Fit your own teeth. A Gold plated shell that fits any tooth Easily adjusted; removed at will. Looks like regular dentists' work. Fools them all. Over two million sold. Everybody wants a gold tooth. Price 10 cents each, 4 for 25 cents, 12 for 60 cents. D. D. FARGO, FRENCHTOWN, N. J.

MEN WANTED in every locality throughout the United States with rig or capable of handling horses, to advertise our goods, tacking up show cards in all conspicuous places, and distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary $90 a month and expenses $3.00 a day. Steady employment to good reliable men. We lay out your work for you. No experience needed. Write for full particulars. EMPIRE MEDICINE COMPANY, London, Ontario, Canada

FREE FARMS!

The New Homestead law offers every man or woman a farm Free. Send 25 cents for new book containing the new homestead law and the name and location of every United States Land Office. This book tells just where to go for free farms and exactly what to do and how to select the land in the states of Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Florida, Idaho, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, N. Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Utah, South Dakota, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. You will find in this book how to secure free a farm among the gold hills of Colorado, the timberlands of Washington, the prairie farms of the west, or for fruit farms in the south. Write at once inclosing 25 cents for this new book. W. C. WATKINS & CO.,
710 Lewis Block, - - - Pittsburg, Pa.

MEN ONLY

CACTUS CREAM CURES DEBILITY. RESTORES VITALITY. BANISHES WEAKNESS.

Renews sprightliness and vigor.

Cactus Cream is an outwardly applied salve. Has only to be gently rubbed in to benefit. *One application positively proves its value. Makes weak men strong and strong men stronger.* This is the original and only Cactus Cream, and is sent to all parts of the world. $1.00 a box. Sealed sample 10c. silver. *"Your money back if it fails to benefit."*
C. B. PERRY PRO. CO., LYNBROOK, New York

BLOOD POISON

FOR MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS we have made the cure of blood poison a specialty. **Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison** Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. Capital $500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. If you have exhausted the old methods of treatment, and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write for proofs of cures. 100-page Book Free.

COOK REMEDY CO,
1730 MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago, U. S. A.

BOYS' OWN TOYMAKER

This is one of the most entertaining books for boys ever published, entitled, "Every Boy His Own Toymaker." It tells you how to make a Steam Engine, a Photograph, Camera, a Windmill, a Microscope, an Electrical Machine, a Galvanic Battery, an Electric Telegraph, an Electrotyping Apparatus, a Telephone, a Kaleidoscope, a Magic Lantern, an Æolian Harp, it tells you how to make boats of every kind, from a little row boat to a full-rigged schooner; how to make Kites, Balloons, Paper Toys, Masks, Card Racks, Wagons, Carts, Toy Houses, Bows and Arrows, Pop Guns, Slings, Stilts, Fishing Tackle, Rabbit and Bird Traps, and many other things, and all is made so plain and simple that any boy can easily make anything described. 64 large octavo pages with over 200 handsome illustrations Send 10 cents (stamps or silver) and we will send you the Boys Toymaker, and our catalogue of other bargains. **United Specialty Co., Book Dept., 94 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.** State you want "Toymaker" when ordering.

Free Sample
COPY
of COMMERCIAL POULTRY, a journal devoted to the culture of poultry. Issued monthly. Every number contains valuable information for poultrymen. Its articles are prepared by men who have made a success of raising poultry. They tell the reader, in these articles, how to produce the best results with the smallest expenditure. Don't take our word for this. Send for a sample copy and see for yourself.
Write to
COMMERCIAL POULTRY CO.
Dept. 23, Marseilles, Ill.

When answering advertisements you will favor the advertiser and the publishers by mentioning The Chicago Ledger.

VIOLIN AND OUTFIT OR ACCORDEON FREE
FOR SELLING ONLY 8 OF OUR PICTURES

at 25c each. Violin outfit consists of a handsome German model violin, bow, strings, rosin and Instruction Book, all neatly packed in box. Accordeon has full set of keys, double bellows, is strong and substantial and has a rich and melodious tone.

SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address and we will send you pictures by return mail together with 8 valuable coupons which you are to give away free, one with every picture. Everybody will be glad to buy one or more pictures as they measure 16 x 20 inches and are just suitable for framing. Many art stores charge as high as $1.00 for these pictures. Remember, you have your choice of the Violin and outfit or Accordeon for selling only 8 pictures at 25c each. Write Today. It Costs You Nothing to Try.

MYER ART CO., Dept 210 CHICAGO, ILL.

BIG MAGIC LANTERN FREE TO BOYS
FOR SELLING ONLY SIX OF OUR BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURES.

Complete Outfit.

This Lantern is fitted with the best imported lenses is handsomely lacquered and you can make lots of money with it by giving shows. We furnish admission tickets, colored posters and complete set of colored and moving picture slides. ONE OF THE BEST LANTERNS EVER GIVEN AS A PREMIUM. Send your name and address and we will send you postpaid six of our multi-colored pictures to sell at 25c each. Everybody will buy one or more pictures from you as they measure 16 x20 inches and are just suitable for framing. When sold send us the $1.50 and we will send you the lantern and complete outfit at once. Write today. It costs you nothing to try. MYER ART CO., Dept. E40, CHICAGO

FREE
BOYS STEAMBOAT or STEAM ENGINE

Boat is nearly one foot long and runs by steam. Fitted complete with brass boiler, steam motor, propeller, etc. Steam engine is nearly one foot tall, has brass boiler and works perfectly. Send us your name and address for 6 of our beautiful colored art pictures, size 16x20 inches, to sell at 25c each. When sold send us the $1.50 and we will send you the steamboat or steam engine at once. Write today. Address MYER ART CO., Dept. C19 Chicago Ill.

Free to Girls
BIG DOLL
and Complete
KITCHEN SET

This Bisque Doll is nearly half a yard tall, is beautifully dressed in satins and laces, closes and opens its eyes, has shoes and stockings that can be taken off and is one of the best dolls ever offered as a premium. The Kitchen Set consists of a set of finely finished kitchen utensils just the right size for dolly. Send us your name and address today and we will send you six of our beautiful multi-colored art pictures to sell at 25c each. Everybody will buy one or more pictures from you as they measure 16x20 inches and are just suitable for framing. It will only take you a few minutes to sell the six pictures. When sold, send us the $1.50 and we will send you both the Doll and Kitchen Set at once exactly as described. Remember, we give you not one but both premiums for selling only six pictures. Write today. Address

MYER ART CO., Dept. L 2, Chicago, Ill.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

MIXED.

When we remark: "It's getting late,
Run upstairs, Johnny—after eight!"
He wails, the while he shakes his head:
"But I don't want to go to bed!"

Yet in the morning when he's called
From out that bed he must be hauled;
The while he scolds, with wrinkled brow:
"But I don't want to get up now!"

Oh, what a pity, do I say,
That Johnny boy is built this way!
Would that some power might him coerce
The operation to reverse.

So that, his mind disposed aright
He would the bed prefer at night,
And with the morn would us beguile
For license to stay up a while!

True Story About Hugh.

Hugh's father was a switchman. He went to work early in the morning and stayed all day at the railway tracks. Hugh took him his lunch at noon.

There was a long bridge over the river which ran near the place where Hugh's father worked. At first Hugh, who is only 10 years old, was afraid to walk across the ties, and see the river running beneath, but after a while he thought it fun to see how quickly he could cross the bridge.

One day he had taken his father's lunch, and, after his father had eaten, Hugh started back home, swinging the big tin dinner pail

What was that smoke that Hugh saw a little way ahead? It seemed to come from the railway bridge.

"Fire, father," cried Hugh, "the bridge is on fire."

"Run, Hugh," answered his father. "Get some water from the river! I cannot leave the switch to help you. Be as quick as you can."

Hugh slid down the railway embankment to the river. In a moment the cover was off and Hugh had a brimming pailful of water.

He climbed up the bank, holding the pail as carefully as he could. But his shoes sank into the gravel, and the water slopped over the top of the pail. But Hugh reached the top of the bank, stepped quickly upon the bridge and poured the water upon the blaze. Then he slid down to the river to refill his pail.

He could hear the flames snap and crackle above him and he wondered how many times he must go back and forth before he could put them out. The pail had sometimes seemed large to Hugh when he brought his father's dinner, but now as he looked at the leaping flames it seemed very small. Again he clambered up the bank, poured as much as he could carry on the flames and went back for more.

The sweat stood out on his forehead, his back ached and his shoes were filled with gravel, but he did not stop. He could see his father standing near the switch watching him.

"Take another pailful, Hugh," he heard him call from far down the track," you will have the fire put out soon.'

Hugh could not count the times that he dipped his pail in the running water and climbed the steep bank. But with each trip the red and yellow flames grew smaller and the black charred spot on the bridge grew larger.

At last the fire disappeared and the smoke drifted away. With his empty pail Hugh trudged back to his father at the switch.

"Well, done, Hugh,' said his father, "you have saved the bridge from burning. I am proud of you. Go home, now, and rest.'

Hugh went home, proud and happy. He forgot his aching back and the gravel in his shoes.

Now when he walks the ties over the river he feels as if it was his bridge he is on, because he saved it from burning.

Four Silly Geese.

Emma Belle sat on the doorstep, a very cross little person. "No one to play with and nothing to do," she thought to herself, listening to the busy clatter in the kitchen where she was not wanted. "Folks don't respec' me. I b'lieve I'll run 'way."

Suddenly a white head with two beady eyes came peering around the corner of the porch. The bright eyes looked at Emma Belle from head to foot, and then, satisfied that everything was all right, Puff, the big white goose, marched solemnly into sight, followed by Snuff and Muff. All three stopped in front of Emma Belle, bobbing their heads and looking at her, first out of one eye, then out of the other, and looking so very silly that before Emma Belle knew it she had given a little giggle.

Then the three geese looked more solemn than ever. They bobbed their heads at each other, and then at Emma Belle, and seemed to get very angry. Once Puff pecked crossly at Emma Belle's apron, but jumped away with a squawk when Emma Belle moved. Emma Belle giggled again.

That was too much for the three geese. They held their heads very high, formed in single file, and marched off to the duck pond, looking as indignant as geese can look. But their silly little heads wouldn't hold an idea all the way to the duck pond, and when they reached it in they went, "Plump!" as if they were off for a jolly swim, just like any other good-natured geese.

Then Emma Belle laughed outright.

"What is amusing my little girl?" asked mother, coming out of the house with a plate of hot cookies.

"Oh, the geese are so silly when they are cross!" laughed Emma Belle, and she never knew that that was a good joke on herself, too.

THE STORY OF BABY CORN.

A happy mother stalk of corn
Held close a baby ear,
And whispered: "Cuddle up to me,
I'll keep you warm, my dear.
I'll give you petticoats of green,
With many a tuck and fold
To let out daily as you grow,
For you will soon be old."

A funny little baby that,
For though it had no eye,
It had a hundred mouths; 'twas well
It did not want to cry;
The mother put in each small mouth
A hollow thread of silk,
Through which the sun and rain and air
Provided baby's milk.

The petticoats were gathered close
Where all the threadlets hung,
And still as summer days went on
To mother-stalk it clung,
And all the time it grew and grew—
Each kernel drank the milk
By days, by night, in shade, in sun,
From its own thread of silk.

And each grew strong and full and round
And each was shining white,
The gores and seams were all let out,
The green skirts fitted tight.
The ear stood straight and large and tall
And when it saw the sun,
Held up its emerald satin gown
To say: "Your work is done.'

"You're large enough," said mother stalk,
"And now there's no more room
For you to grow." She tied the threads
Into a soft brown plume—
It floated out upon the breeze
To greet the dewy morn,
And then the baby said "Now I'm
A full-grown ear of corn!"

About Soap.

One of the most common household articles today is soap, and the present generation can hardly conceive of a time when there was no such thing. Yet it is only comparatively recently that soap has been so largely manufactured. Until the discovery of soap as we know it, the best cleansing agent was fuller's earth, the absorbent properties of which enabled it to remove greasy and oily matter from most fabrics. It is still used extensively for cleansing or fulling woolens and other cloths.

Another means of cleansing was the soap berry, the fruit of a plant which lathered freely on rubbing with water. Another was the root of the plant known as soapwort, the lathering properties of which were due to the presence of a substance called saponin, which is also found in the horse chestnut.

Our great-grandmothers used to make their own soap by the following process: A barrel was placed on the ground sufficiently high to allow a tub to be placed under it, and the bottom of the barrel was perforated with small holes. It was then filled with wood ashes, and now and then a bucket of water was thrown on them, which found its way into the tub beneath. As the water percolated through the ashes, it dissolved the potash and soda which are always found in the ashes of plants, and thus a solution was obtained which was put into an iron boiler with a quantity of grease fat, and the mixture boiled for an hour or longer. Salt was then added, and as the mixture cooled a solid layer of curd soap solidified on the top of the water.

The modern process of soap making is practically identical, only instead of ashes a weak solution of caustic soda, or lye, is used. Fats and oils are boiled along with this lye, and the mixture constantly agitated. As the temperature increases, stronger lye is used, until the operation is completed. Salt is then added, and as soap is insoluble in salt water it rises to the top of the soda liquor. The lye is then run off, and a fresh solution of soda added, after which the soap is again boiled. The boilers are then left for several hours to allow impurities to settle, and the soap is finally run off into moulds and cut into bars.

Fancy soaps are generally made by remelting ordinary soap and adding coloring matter and perfumes.

Glycerin is an important by product of soap making. Mostly all fats consist of glycerin and stearic acid. When they are boiled with soda the soda extracts the stearic acid from the glycerin, and the latter is run off with the soda liquor when the first boiling is completed; but it is subsequetnly recovered by distillation.

The Indian Chief.

"Are those Indian wigwams in the field yonder?" said Delphie to her cousin Walter. Delphie had come from the city to spend October with her cousins.

"No, they are not real Indian wigwams," said Walter, "but they are a kind of a wigwam; they are shocks of Indian corn, and make a fine camping ground for all the little field and wood folk."

A funny idea struck Walter, and he said: "An Indian chief lives in that camp sometimes. Would you like him to come down and call? He's a jolly fellow; you need not be afraid of him."

"Yes," said Delphie, "invite him down; you will be here, won't you?"

"I shall be here when he comes," said Walter. "I will invite him for this evening.'

Delphie saw some mischief in her cousin's eye. That afternoon Walter slipped away to the cornfield to make his "Indian chief.' Delphie kept her eyes open. She saw him slip slyly away to the "camping ground," as she called it. She followed him and hid behind a shock of cornstalks. Walter finished the "chief's" head, which was a great yellow pumpkin, and tied a lighted candle inside. He laughed aloud at the funny face. "That is great," he said; "we will go calling this evening, won't we Chief?"

Delphie could hardly keep from laughing aloud herself, it all seemed so funny. "I'll be ready for the Indian chief," thought Delphie, as she slipped away to the house without being seen.

"There, Chief, you will do," said Walter; "I will call for you this evening."

When Walter returned, Delphie said: "Do you think the chief would take any refreshments this evening if I should offer him some?'

"Certainly," said Walter; "he would be delighted."

Evening came. There was a loud knock at the door. Delphie appeared in a long gown, a dainty cap, and she wore a pair of spectacles. She bowed very low before the jack-o'-lantern and said: "You are very welcome, Chief.

This was such a surprise to Walter that he laughed right merrily and said: "Del, who told you my secret?"

"No one, my dear chief,' said his cousin. 'Now take your refreshments," and she placed before him a nice pumpkin pie."

The Robbers Fled

At a country store in Mississippi a boy named Fred Henderson, who slept in the store, was awakened one night by the noise made by robbers who were trying to pry off the shutters of the front windows. He had no firearms, and he had such a cold that he could not cry out

Something must be done to frighten the robbers away, and after a moment's thought the boy slipped downstairs in his bare feet and got half a dozen cannon firecrackers from a box where they had been stowed away.

Tying their fuses together, he returned upstairs and softly raised a window and then lighted the fuse and threw the crackers out. There were three robbers and a team of horses, and all ran away at their best pace.

Both horses were killed by running into a tree, but the men escaped. The firecrackers answered better than a shotgun.

A Lucky Boy.

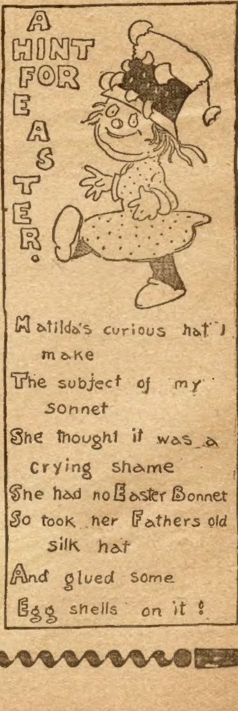
One day last fall a Swiss boy who was in charge of a flock of goats feeding on a mountain, suddenly missed one of the animals. Upon looking around he saw that the goat had fallen over a cliff and landed on a shelf about 20 feet down.

The boy borrowed a rope and lowered himself and to his great surprise he found himself at the mouth of a cave. Entering the cave, he found the skeleton of a man and a purse containing $1,000 in gold.

The doctors who examined the human bones said that they were those of a man who had been dead for at least 50 years. It was concluded that he was some tourist who had fallen over the cliff where the goat had, and no one coming to his assistance he had crawled into the cave and died of starvation. The boy's father was permitted to keep the gold, and will use it to give his son an education.

OUR BABY.

We have a baby at our house,
The best one we could get;
I s'pose its hair is planted, but—
It hasn't come up yet.


A HINT FOR EASTER.

Matilda's curious hat, I make
The subject of my sonnet
She thought it was a crying shame
She had no Easter Bonnet
So took her Fathers old silk hat
And glued some Egg shells on it!